

PART I.

Pages 1 to 8.



NINTH YEAR.

LOS ANGELES: SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1890.—TWELVE PAGES.

Sunday  
Times.

PRICE: Single Copies 5 Cents.  
By the Week, 3 Cents.

**Amusements.**  
**HAZARD'S PAVILION,**  
LOS ANGELES  
Friday and Saturday Evenings and  
Saturday Matinee, Feb. 7 and 8.  
GRAND ITALIAN  
OO PPP EEE RRR A A A 000 00  
OO PPP EEE RRR A A A 000 00  
OO PPP EEE RRR A A A 000 00  
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF  
HENRY E. ABBEY AND MAURICE GRAN.

SOPRANOS AND CONTRALTOS:

MME.

AAA BDD FEB L H N N N A  
A D D E E L L L L N N N A  
B D D E E L L L L N N N A  
PPF P AA TTT TTT H  
P P F A A T T T T H  
P P F A A A T T T H  
P P F A A T T T T H  
MME. EMMA ALBANI,

Mlle. Lillian Nordica, Mme. Giulia Valda, Mme. Guerrini Fabri and Mlle. Hertene Syrenberg, Mme. Mathilde Bauermeister, Mme. Pettigiani, Mme. Attilio Claro.

TENORS:

SIG. FRANCESCO TAMAGNO.

Sig. Luigi Ravelli, Sig. Enrico Viccini, Giovanni Ferrugini, Sig. Roberto Vanni and Sig. Blelito.

BARYTONES:

Sig. Giuseppe del Poente, Sig. Arturo Marzocchi, Sig. Napoleone Zardi, Sig. Agostino Casanova.

BASSOS:

Sig. Ettore Marzocchi, Sig. Franco Novara, Sig. Armando Castellary, Sig. Fratino Migliari, A de Vaschetti.

CHORUS OF 80: ORCHESTRA OF 50!

24 DANSEUSES!

MILITARY BAND OF 30!

MUSICAL DIRECTORS:

Sig. LUIGI ARIDITI & Sig. ROMUALDO SAPIO.

PREMIER BALLERINA:

M. L. E. MARIE AGHERA.

In all the performances of the series one of the three leading celebrities will appear:

MME. ADELINA PATTI, MME. ALBANI,

—

SIGNOR TAMAGNO.

The Repertoire will be Selected from the Following Operas:

La Traviata; Verdi; Il Barbiere di Siviglia, Rossini; Faust; Gounod; Il Trovatore; Verdi; Semiramide; Rossini; Rigoletto, Verdi; Aida; Verdi.

PRICES FOR SEASON TICKETS.

Three performances—two evenings and matinees.

Parquet.....\$15.00  
First Three Rows of Side Balcony.....12.00  
Center Balcony.....10.00  
Two Back Rows Balcony.....10.00  
Two Back Rows Box Seats.....15.00

Subsequent boxes will begin at Day's music store, No. 8 North Spring street, on Tuesday, January 21, at 9 a.m., and continue until January 25, at noon, under the direction of EDWIN F. GILLETTE, ticket agent.

Shaw & Sons', New York, celebrated pianos used.

Hofstatter & Bonaventura of Trieste, Austria, costumers.

MARCUS R. MAYER, Acting Manager.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**

H. C. WYATT,.....Leases and Manager

R. S. DOUGLAS,.....Associate Manager

ONE WEEK, MATINEE SATURDAY, Beginning Monday, January 20th.

MR. ROLAND

ERR E E E DDD  
ERR E E D D D  
ERR E E D D D  
ERR E E D D D  
ERR E E D D D

In D. D. Lloyd's Eccentric Comedy,

THE WOMAN HATER!

As Played One Hundred Nights in New York, REED AS THE TRIGAMIST.

The greatest comedy in years, introducing Sydney Rosenthal's great new comedy, "It Was a Dream," and other new musical numbers.

**VIENNA BUFFET,**

Corner of Main and Requena Streets.

F. KERKOW, Proprietor.

Refined musical entertainment every night from 7:30 until 12 o'clock.

ENTERTAINMENT FREE!

Change of programs nightly. Change of theatrical troupes weekly. The only original

AUSTRIAN-HUNGARIAN KITCHEN.

Open all day and night. Popular prices. Polite and attentive service guaranteed.

LOS ANGELES THEATER—SPECIAL

MCLAIN & LEHMAN, Lessees and Managers

—COMMENCING—

TUESDAY EVENING.....JANUARY 28, 1890.

—CONTINUING—

SIX NIGHTS AND SATURDAY MATINEE.

—

GRANDEST

PRODUCTION

OF

COMIC OPERA

KNOWN

TO THE STAGE

—

LOUIS HARRISON: LOUIS HARRISON:

—AND—

65—PROMINENT ARTISTS—65

All the ORIGINAL SCENERY AND COSTUMES as presented by this company

250 Nights in New York City.

Special Notices.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—LOS AN.

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 6, 1890. Dividend No. Seventy-two (72) for the quarter ending Decem-

ber 31, 1889, at the rate of sixteen (16) per cent, per annum.

Merchants' Bank of Los Angeles, Cal., has been decided by the board of directors

payable on and after Friday, Jan. 12, 1890.

H. J. FLEISHMAN,

Secretary Farmers' and Merchants' Bank of Los Angeles, Cal.

26

MR. BERTRAM KEIGHTLY,

private secretary of James H. Blaine,

now, will deliver his lecture at Temperance Hall, corner Temple and Fort st., Tuesday evening, January 21st, at 7:30 o'clock, subject "The Theological Society." All are cordially invited to attend. 21

J. P. WANVIG, DEALER IN HAY,

LOS ANGELES, Calif., Office, 808 N. Main street, yard at 242 S. Alameda st. Office telephone, 802, yard, 983. Call him up for best goods and full weight. CYCLES ON MONTHLY PAY-

MENTS for ladies or gentlemen: also agent for white enamel letters and numbers and bronze; see them before buying. 849 S. FORT ST.

—

ADDITIONAL CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS. See Second Page.

Amusements.  
**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**  
H. C. WYATT,.....Leases and Manager  
R. S. DOUGLAS,.....Associate Manager

—THE—

ENGLISH OPERA SEASON!

The management takes great pleasure in announcing that the **EMMA JUCH ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY** will positively give four grand performances on

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday

Evenings and Friday Afternoon,

January 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th.

The strength of the list of principal singers and artistic arrangements will be seen from the following announcements:

SOPRANOS:

EMMA JUCH, Georgine von Janschowka, Sesto Leonhard, Marie Fischer.

CONTRALTOS:

Lizzie Macintosh, Fanny Gonzales, Carrie Morse.

TENORS:

Charles Hedmont, Charles Turner, Frank Pieri, Elvin Singer.

BARYTONES:

Giovanni Tagliapietra, William Wiliam...Boell.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26TH.

MISS JUCH as Marguerite.

THURSDAY EVENING.....WILLIAM TELL.

MISS JUCH as Jenny (Tell's son).

FRIDAY EVENING.....CARMEN.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.....THE FREISCHUTZ.

With novel and startling mechanical effects.

MISS VON JANASCHOWSKY as Agnes.

PRICES TO SUIT EVERY TASTE.

Dress Circle, first four rows and orchestra, reserved.....\$2.00

Balance Dress Circle, reserved.....1.50

Box, front and side, 10 rows, 10 ft. square.....1.00

Balcony, reserved.....0.75

Balcony Admission.....0.50

Loses.....0.25

Box, front and side, 10 ft. square.....\$1.00 and \$1.50

To accommodate the public and those living at a distance, the sale of tickets will begin in the box office, 8 North Spring street, on Tuesday, January 21, at 9 a.m., and continue until January 25, at noon, under the direction of EDWIN F. GILLETTE, ticket agent.

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ENTERTAINMENT FREE!

Change of programs nightly. Change of theatrical troupes weekly. The only original

&lt;



## CHINESE LOTTERIES.

## HOW THE SEDUCTIVE GAME IS MANIPULATED.

The Investment So Small, the Scheme So Simple and the Possible Winnings So Large That It Catches White, Black and Yellow.

The seductive Chinese lottery gamblers continue to ply their avocations every day and evening, notwithstanding the recent shaking-up administered to them by the Police Commission. True, the games are not conducted so openly, but as the unconscious and unseeing policeman wanders serenely to and fro on his beat, the wily Mongol marks the spots upon lottery tickets in supreme indifference to his presence. The evil, instead of abating, is growing. New games are being opened, and business in the lottery line is improving, although the number of white players has been largely diminished. There is not a store of any kind in Chinatown, new or old, that is not engaged in the business of buying and selling lottery tickets. The game is one easily understood, is unquestionably fair, costs but little money to play, and the winnings, when one wins, are large.

There are seven companies conducting lottery games in Chinatown at present. They are the Fook Tai Co., on Los Angeles street; the Hoy Coy Co., on the corner of Los Angeles street and Negro alley; the Lee Ching Co., next door to Hoy Coy, the Bon Tai Wo Co., on the alley running into Alameda street; the Fook Wai Ton Co., Fung Tai Co. and Heng Lee Co., in New Chinatown. The Lee Ching and Fung Tai companies have their drawings at 2:30 and 8:30 p.m. each day, and all the others draw at 4 and 10 p.m.

All of the companies use the same class of tickets, which are sent here from China. The ticket is a square piece of paper, containing 90 characters, 40 on the upper rows and 40 on the lower rows, with a single line between for demarcation.

The price of the tickets range from 10 cents to \$6, according to the method of playing the game. The player (provided he is playing a 10-cent ticket) marks 10 spots on any portion of his ticket, except the dividing line, and the company marks 20 spots.

If the player shall have marked five spots the same as the company, he wins 20 cents; six spots pay him \$2; seven spots, \$20; eight spots, \$100; nine spots, \$250; ten spots, \$400. Of course, the larger the amount paid for a ticket, the greater the prize.

Another way to play the game is to play a "way ticket." This consists of playing from 15 to 40 spots on one ticket, and then marking them off in divisions of five each. If the player marks three winning spots in one division, he has a "starter"; then, if he has two in another, he has caught a five-spot, or three would be a six-spot, and so on. These tickets, however, pay only one-half the amount of a 10-cent-straight ticket. Then a player can mark all 80 spots on one ticket for \$6, but he must mark them off in divisions of five each.

Promptly at 4 o'clock, the Chinaman who is conducting the drawing, commences his operations. On a board against the wall are 80 pieces of paper, each piece bearing a character similar to one of the 80 on the lottery ticket. Each piece of paper is rolled into a little ball and thrown into a large pan, where they are thoroughly mixed. Then they are distributed, one at a time, into four china bowls, there being 20 characters in each bowl. Then each bowl is numbered, and duplicate numbers are placed in a large pan, whence some outsider draws one of the numbers, and the corresponding bowl is used to mark the winning list. Each character on the ticket represents a prayer to some Chinese god, and the manipulator chants the prayer which each character calls for. His assistant marks those characters in red ink on the lottery tickets and they are immediately sent out by messengers to every agency. The lottery company deducts 10 per cent. from every winning ticket and cashes its prizes before the beginning of the next drawing. Every agency marks the player's ticket on one corner with the name of the lottery company, the date and price. A duplicate copy he gives to the player, a triplicate he keeps, and a quadruplicate he sends to the company with the money before each drawing.

The game has caught the eye of the colored population, and they are playing it strong. Every night colored men and women can be seen making spots on tickets, or eagerly examining the winning numbers. A large number of white men are also playing the game constantly, but with indifferent success. One negro recently won \$100 on a 10-cent ticket, but that is the only large winning that has been made, outside of an old Chinese picker. He caught an eight-spot on a dollar ticket, and cashed it in for \$100. He is now in China enjoying the fruits of his winning.

The game is an enticing one. It looks so easy to catch the spots, and costs so little, that a loser always tries his luck over again. But the percentage is largely in favor of the game.

A TIMES reporter asked one of the owners of an agency what would be done to the owner of the lottery in case he failed to pay a large prize when drawn.

"Oh," said he, with Celestial calmness, "we catch the highbinder and kill him; then we steal his boy, then we take his woman, then we take 'um store; but you like he pay quick!" Such is Chinese law as administered in the classic precincts.

The lottery company consists of two or more merchants, who combine, with their merchandise stocks as security.

An abortive attempt was made by the police last Sunday evening to raid the lottery of Fook Tai & Co., on Los Angeles street, near Marchessault. The officer entered the room where the drawing was taking place a few moments before the time of the drawing. About forty players, white Chinese and negroes, were present; the officer was detected, and an alarm given. The players sprang over a back fence, cut through dark alleys and escaped, while the officer was caught between two rooms and locked in. He blew his whistle in vain, and by the time he was released all evidence of the game had been removed.

Any night in the week the tiger can be seen in his lair. The agencies are crowded with opium flasks, maces, ne- groid and low women. Chinese and white boys are found playing the game; and the other night a husband and wife were found marking tickets in a lottery joint. Prostitutes jostle each other as they crowd around a table to mark tickets, laughing and jesting after their fashion with the Chinese agent, while the smell of opium and Chinese filth abounds. The curses of the losers and the joy of the winners when the prize lists come in make up a strange medley of sound.

## SCIENTIFIC.

Prof. Dickinson on "The Earth's Crust."

Notwithstanding the forbidding weather a fair audience gathered Friday evening to hear the second lecture of Prof. Dickinson's course, "A Closer Look at Earth's Crust." After a clear and rapid recapitulation of the preceding lecture, with some fuller explanation of the methods pursued by astronomers and geographers in determining the size, figure, weight and movements of the earth; e.g., the measurement of the length of meridian arcs in different latitudes; the successive use of the plumb line and the pendulum on a plain and near a mountain; the observation of the varying angular diameter of the sun; Prof. Dickinson proceeded to consider the earth's crust, meaning thereby that portion of the sphere accessible to scientific research; first, as to its materials; secondly, their arrangements; and lastly, the activities and forces by which it has been brought to its present condition.

When the molten globe had so far cooled as to form a permanent crust, which by its fractures and foldings outlined the present great features of the surface, that crust was subjected to the action of the vast and powerful and complex atmosphere, by which its irregularities were broken down and reduced to sediments, which, by the action of the metamorphic forces—heat, moisture, pressure, electricity, etc.—were altered to granite, syenite, gneiss, quartzite, the inorganic limestone, slates, etc. In the great majority of these cases the marks of the original stratification have been obliterated and crystalline structure has taken its place. Over and among these are found the unaltered, stratified limestones, sandstones, clays, etc., many of which are abundantly supplied with fossil remains of the forms of life that flourished while they were being deposited. Chemically these rocks contain whatever was in the original crust, though greatly altered in their arrangement by the conditions to which they were subjected.

The metals, iron, aluminum, calcium, the non-metallic carbon, silicon, oxygen; the metalloids, sodium, potassium, etc., combine variously to form the quartz, feldspar, mica, hornblende, calcite and dolomite, which form by far the largest portion of the rocks of which we know anything.

By far the larger part of the land surface of the earth is covered with stratified and sometimes fossil-bearing rocks, not lying in smooth and horizontal beds, but often tilted, contorted, bent and otherwise displaced by the gigantic forces of uplift, compression and thrust that have been active through the ages and still remain so. Shrinkage, caused by cooling, uplift, caused by lateral compression, the softening influences of long-continued gentle heat and moisture under pressure, the action of tides and currents, both aqueous and atmospheric, the agency of frost and ice, the changes in the center of gravity of the earth by the shifting of the great ice cap from pole to pole in successive glacial epochs, were indicated as the dominant forces that by their varied activities brought to pass the main features of the earth's crust as we now behold it.

The lecture was listened to with attention that must have been flattering to the lecturer. Next Friday evening the third lecture of the course will be given on "Minerals, Their Geometry and Chemistry."

## DUKE WILLIAMS.

**He Goes to Jail in Kinsley, Kansas.**

The San Francisco Examiner has the following dispatch, dated Kansas City, Mo., January 16th.

Arthur C. Blake, alias A. C. Williams, alias Sanguinette, the young man who has figured in San Francisco and Kansas City as the supposed adopted son of Arthur Gorham, the millionaire, was this morning arrested.

He is charged with attempting to blackmail Mr. Gorham, and was taken to Kinsley, Kan., for trial.

The charge grew out of some threatening letters recently written to Gorham by Blake. The letters were written in this city and were received by Gorham in Kinsley, where he has made his home for some time past. Gorham had already spent a good deal of money on Blake, and decided to have nothing further to do with him. The threats made by Blake influenced him in this decision. Accordingly a State warrant for Blake's arrest for attempted blackmail was sworn out and placed in the hands of Sheriff Scott of Edwards County, Kan., in which Kinsley is located.

OFF FOR THE VICTIM.

The Sheriff secured the proper requisition papers from the officials of the States of Kansas and Missouri, and thus armed, arrived from Jefferson City this morning. He was met by Marshal McGowan and Superintendent Mooney, and at 10 o'clock they went to a parlor at the Centropolis Hotel, which Blake had occupied since about January 1st.

The Marshal placed Blake under arrest and told him the charge. He took his arrest coolly, and remarked that he had been expecting it. At noon the Sheriff left for Kinsley with his prisoner. Blake was seen by a reporter, but he refused to talk about his case, and was inclined to be facetious. He jokingly remarked that he would probably get about 10 years, but added in a serious tone that he had no fears for himself.

## HIS LAVISH WAYS.

"Oh," said he, with Celestial calmness, "we catch the highbinder and kill him; then we steal his boy, then we take his woman, then we take 'um store; but you like he pay quick!" Such is Chinese law as administered in the classic precincts.

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## A Dispensary.

Plans are being made for the organization of a dispensary for the poor by several physicians of the city. It will be located upon North Main street, and is decidedly a move in the right direction. An institution of this kind, conducted upon broad and liberal plans, will accomplish untold good in the city. The physicians moving in the matter are perfecting their designs as rapidly as possible, and when completed a description of the methods to be followed will be given.

## Chinese New Year.

The celebration of the Chinese New Year will commence this afternoon and continue for ten days, during which time considerable gunpowder will be burned and a general good time enjoyed by the heathens. Services will be held in the joss-houses, and all the Chinamen will pay up their debts and start out again with a clean score.

## THE COURTS.

## A QUIET DAY IN THE HALLS OF JUSTICE.

R. A. Ling, Esq., Exonerated from the Charge of Furnishing "Straw" Bond—Habeas Corpus Proceedings for Moya—Information Against Constable Johnson.

The contempt proceedings against R. A. Ling, Esq., came up before Judge McKinley yesterday, and he was exonerated by the Court. The Grand Jury having heard that Mr. Ling was concerned in the preparation of a "straw" bond for a Chinaman charged with forgery, called the attention of Judge McKinley to the matter, requesting him to investigate it. He directed the District Attorney to prepare and prosecute charges against Mr. Ling, which was done, the charge being contempt, and yesterday the hearing in the case took place.

The citation was for Ah Mow and Charley Ah Him, as well as Mr. Ling, and they were all present in court with counsel. Mr. Ling, upon being questioned as to his relations with the bond, swore that he had no more to do with it than in the ordinary course of business, to draw it, and knew nothing as to the qualifications or disqualifications of the bondsmen. The other witnesses were examined and Judge McKinley then dismissed the proceedings against Mr. Ling and the other defendants.

Habeas corpus proceedings were heard before Judge McKinley yesterday morning for the purpose of securing the admission of Mariano Moya to bail. The defendant is accused of the murder of a Mexican at Azusa several weeks since. A dead man was discovered near his saloon one morning. Moya admitted having trouble with him the night before. That is, some one kept throwing rocks at his saloon and himself, and stepping to the door he fired a revolver off, aiming at nothing in particular, it being dark. It seems, however, that he hit the Mexican. After arguments upon the petition, the Court decided to grant it, and admitted Moya to bail in the sum of \$5000. He was then remanded to custody until bail is given, which it is not thought likely can be secured.

The District Attorney yesterday filed an information against Constable Joseph Johnson of Lancaster, who was held to answer by Justice Lockwood two weeks ago, upon a charge that he allowed prisoners to escape. The accusation is that the Constable allowed tramps to change places, and two prisoners whom he was bringing to the County Jail were thus allowed to go free.

Charles Harlan, a man about 60 years of age, was examined before Judge Van Dyke for insanity yesterday. The commissioners not deeming the patient insane enough to be sent to an asylum, recommended that he be sent to the County Hospital for a time.

St. Paul's School began suit against the city of Los Angeles to quiet title to certain land.

John Hayes began suit to foreclose a mortgage against John Muskrum for \$1000.

Emma E. Kittredge began suit to J. M. Taylor et al. to foreclose a mortgage for \$750 given to secure a promissory note; also, against J. M. Taylor et al. on a mortgage for \$655, given to secure a promissory note; also against J. M. Taylor et al. to foreclose a mortgage for \$855, to secure a promissory note.

Suit for an injunction was filed by the Pickering Land and Water Company vs. W. G. Hampton, to restrain the defendant from removing a house upon a lot which he purchased from plaintiffs and has not finished paying for.

## A FAMILY JAR.

That Took Mr. Fenner (Colored) Before a Court.

A colored man named Lawson Fenner, living on Olive street, was arrested yesterday morning about 11 o'clock by Officer Jackson on complaint of his wife, who charged him with battery. The Fenners have a 3-year-old child, and Friday morning the mother told the child to get up and put on her shoes before coming to breakfast. The father demurred, saying that the child was too young to perform that duty for herself, when the mother insisted that the child should do as she bade her or she would chastise her. This excited the ire of the head of the house, and he intimated in pretty forcible language that if his better-half whipped his offspring, he would do the same for her. The woman's "mad" was up, and she started for the child, when her husband pushed her away. She then started for the police station to swear out a complaint, when Fenner went after her and brought her back. She waited, however, until he went up town, when she got her complaint, and yesterday Fenner was arrested and booked up. In the afternoon he was brought before Judge Owens, when the above facts were brought out. From the fact, however, that Fenner and his wife have had frequent quarrels, the Judge imposed a sentence of 90 days' imprisonment in the County Jail, which is suspended during good behavior, thinking that this was the best way to preserve peace in the family.

## EAST SIDE.

The Arroyo Seco Makes a Menace.

Walter Dickson, from Santa Clara, is in East Los Angeles on a visit for a short time, and is at present the guest of J. F. Lemberger.

J. M. Tibbets and family are down with la grippe, though not seriously ill.

The Arroyo Seco was not very high on Friday evening, but came within a few inches of making its road through the cut by De Camp's lumber-yard.

Henry Creciat is on the sick list with la grippe.

The cable cars were running only to the power-house yesterday. They will be running through today.

O. A. Moore and family have been spending a few days in the country, and, on their return yesterday, found their house occupied by a friend, Mrs. Meserue, from Pomona, who arrived the same day of Mr. Moore's departure.

As they were expected home that evening she took possession. The rain detained them in the evening, but she still held the fort, and is still their welcome guest.

## Signed the Ordinance.

Mayor Hazard at a late hour Friday evening signed the ordinance for the grading of Temple street, and if there are no protests or injunction suits, the work of improving the streets will be commenced at an early day.

London Clothing Co.

## ASK FOR

LOT 5551,

LOT 3058,

LOT 3500,

LOT 3065,

LOT 5753,

REDUCED TO

\$15.00

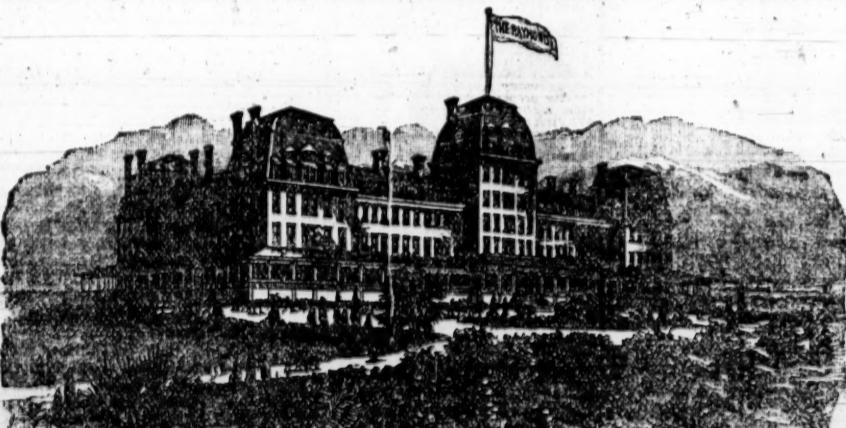
THESE LOT NUMBERS REPRESENT

150 FROCK SUITS REDUCED TO MAKE ROOM.

Here is a Genuine Bargain!

London Clothing Co.

## The Raymond,



East Pasadena.

## THIS DELIGHTFUL HOTEL is now open, and tourists should not fail to give it a trial.

Situated on the bluff overlooking the ocean, the view is magnificent. Good surf bathing. Fine drives on the beach and in the canyons. All modern improvements, elevator, steam heat, etc. Four trains a day each way.

J. W. SCOTT, Lessee.

## Unclassified.

## CLOSING-OUT SALE.

AT

YAMATO,

141 S. Main St., Los Angeles.

We are going out of business on account of leaving the city.

</

## TERMS OF THE TIMES.

Published Every Day in the Year.

SERVED BY CARRIERS:	
DAILY AND SUNDAY, per week.....\$ .20	
DAILY AND SUNDAY, per month.....\$ .85	
BY MAIL, POST PAID:	
DAILY AND SUNDAY, per month.....\$ .85	
DAILY AND SUNDAY, per quarter.....\$ 2.25	
DAILY AND SUNDAY, per year.....\$ 9.00	
SUNDAY, per year.....\$ 2.00	
WEEKLY MIRROR, per year.....\$ 2.00	

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CORRESPONDENCE solicited from all quarters. Timely local topics and news given the preference. Cultivate brevity, distinctness, and a clear and pointed style. Use one side of the sheet only, write plainly, and send real name for the private information of the Editor.

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## The Times.

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MARIAN OTIS, A. MCFARLAND,  
Secretary, Advertising Mgr.

Vol. XVII. No. 47

## TWELVE PAGES.

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## To Sportsmen.

We have a few only of the premium shot guns. They will be sold each for \$16.50, or with the WEEKLY MIRROR one year, for \$18. THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

This warm, moist weather favors the spread of the grip.

The latest insect pest is one in Germany, which devours steel rails.

MONTEVIDEO, the Los Angeles of South America, now has a population of 170,000.

MORE chestnut rumors of approaching war continue to be sent out from Europe.

ENGLAND talks of raising cotton in Australia and Africa, so as to be independent of the American supply.

A CHICAGO judge took the questioning of jurymen out of the hands of the lawyers, and obtained a jury in 15 minutes.

It is reported that the Emperor of Austria will soon abdicate his throne. He has never been the same man since the death of his son Rudolph.

CONGRESSMAN BUTTERWORTH is preparing a bill to prohibit gambling in options. It is a species of gambling which will be difficult to down.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW remarks that there is not a single western city which is willing that any other western city should have the World's Fair. Milwaukee, St. Paul and one or two others are especially hostile to Chicago's claims, as they think that her success would injure them greatly.

It is now understood, we believe, that Mr. M. H. De Young, proprietor of the San Francisco Chronicle, is likely to enter the race for United States Senator when the next contest comes on. Mr. De Young publishes a great journal, which yields a wide influence in California Republican politics.

AN unusual number of red balls were sent up from the thimbleberg fake factory on Spring street yesterday, but, after the manner of burnt-out rockets, they all came down like a stick. The special red ball marked, "PEACE OR WAR!" came down with the regulation dull, sickening, disgusting thud—and there it lies jeered by the populace.

At-e-n-o-m-o-u-s expense, by the expenditure of uncommon energy, and the exhibition of an unthought enterprise, we have procured, through a special commissioner, sent out from Pasadena on a burro, a true, graphic, startling, original and wholly exclusive account of Death's Valley and its late deadly gas formation, three feet deep. It (the valley, not the gas) is illustrated with cuts, and the text is copyrighted.

## PAVE THE STREETS.

The City Council cannot be too active and earnest in declaring its intention to pave certain streets. This duty is devolved on the Council by section 169 of the city charter, and the necessity for action is demonstrated by the long and violent storms of the season. In the dry season there is less call for street improvement, and people are apt to forget all about it. They remind one of the improvidence of the venerable African—or the famous Arkansas Traveler, as the case may be—who, being asked during a violent storm why he did not mend the roof of his cabin, which was observed to be leaking badly, replied that it rained too hard just then. "Well," said the questioner, "why did you not mend it before the rain came?" and the ready reply was that the roof did not need mending then, as it did not leak when there was no rain.

A population like that of Los Angeles ought to display more providence and forethought than the individual just referred to, but if they fail to be spurred up to action by the extraordinary rains of this season, they must be classed with him.

It does not require any great amount of shrewdness to see that the advantage to the property-owners, to say nothing about the public at large, much more compensates for the expense of paving streets. If two streets, equally well located for business, were, the one paved and the other not, it is safe to say that property on the paved street would soon advance to double the value of property on the unpaved one, and if they were to remain a long time in this unequal condition, the difference in value between them would go on indefinitely. There are many streets of this city kept back fearfully by their unpaved condition, and yet the owners of property on them do not seem to realize it.

Under our charter, if the Common Council of the city declares, by ordinance, its intention to pave a certain street, it will require the remonstrance of two-thirds of the property-owners fronting on that street to prevent the work being done, and even that need only delay the improvement for three months.

There are a good number of streets in this city in such a condition at this time that any property-owner would be ashamed to protest against their improvement, and now is a good time to take the first step. Don't forget to mend the roof when the rain comes. Don't forget to improve the streets when it can be done.

## WE ARE WAITING.

The Los Angeles Tribune has heretofore, and recently, published against the editor of THE TIMES three several grave charges, to wit:

(1.) John W. Green's charge (originated and written out in the Tribune office) that Col. Otis demanded of Green a part of his salary as postmaster.

(2.) The charge that Reel B. Terry, Democratic candidate for Congress in this district in 1888, paid THE TIMES, or its editor, \$200 for printing one of his speeches.

(3.) The charge, or insinuation, that the editor of THE TIMES robbed a friend "on his deathbed," or elsewhere, and refused restitution, or failed to make restitution, to the estate.

These are cruel and wicked charges, which, if true, would justly impeach the honor of the man against whom they were directed.

We have denounced, and again denounced, these charges, singly and collectively, as false, and their authors as liars, calumniators and moral perjurers.

And we are still waiting for the proofs to be produced in support of these charges against us by the desperate men who have entered upon this desperate and vicious personal campaign.

Our evidence in rebuttal and rebuttal is ready, and has been ready all the time.

## THE SOUTHERN RACE PROBLEM.

The continued outrages against negroes in the Southern States are made the subject of a strong editorial in the Globe-Democrat, from which we quote the following passage:

The killing of negroes, tacitly conceded to be a privilege of the so-called superior race, and the courts are governed accordingly. There is not even a pretense of impartiality in the administration of law. The situation in this respect is not materially different from that experienced when slavery was in force and negroes were regarded as mere brutes and cattle. Let us talk about solving the negro problem by the methods of the ruffian and the murderer. All efforts of that sort only tend to make the matter worse, and to increase the price which must finally be paid in vindication of justice. If the South would take proper steps to check these lawless performances, the North might have some faith in her loud professions of devotion to the interests of peace and right; but in the interests does she offer such reasons for confidence? When questions arise between whites and negroes, the decision is always against the latter. The color line is so strictly drawn as to silence both judgment and conscience. When negro blood is spilled by white hands it is treated only as the slaying of a steer or a hog. The rule of discrimination is absolute, and emanating from its perpetration is what the South insists upon as the only possible solution of the race issue.

The election of Calvin S. Brice as Senator from Ohio will bring up for discussion in that body the meaning and intent of Article I, Section 3, Clause 3 of the Constitution of the United States, which declares:

No person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained to the age of 30 years, and have been nine years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State for which he shall be chosen.

It is a noteworthy fact, which political economists would do well to ponder, that population in Canada since 1880 has only increased half as fast as in this country; that the Dominion expenditures have increased about 90 per cent. in that period, and that the Dominion debt has been increasing, while ours has decreased.

MR. MCKINLEY, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, says there has been no conference of the Republican members, formal or informal; they have agreed upon no policy with regard to raw material, and will

not attempt to come to a conclusion on that difficult subject until some time in the middle of February.

It seems to be the general opinion among our citizens that we ought to hold the Citrus Fair in March, and that we should make it as complete as possible. In that case the committee ought to go to work without delay.

THE SAN DIEGO UNION highly commends Mr. Howard M. Kutchin, the new postmaster, as a competent man for the place, and praises his hand bearing during the recent hotly-contested fight for the position.

GERMAN immigration to this country is diminishing. The number of departures from January to October was about 82,000, against 98,000 for the same time last year, and 100,000 in 1885.

The death of Gen. Vallejo removes one of California's pioneers, whose name is indissolubly connected with the early history of the State.

## AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.—*The Spider and the Fly* finished its course here last night. With the exception of a very few specialties, and the singing of Bessie Cleveland and Hilda Thomas, the production has given very little genuine satisfaction.

ROLAND REED.—*The Woman Hater*, which is to be produced tomorrow night for the first time here, is a comedy in which the late John T. Raymond made a decided hit. It is full of laughable situations, and affords an opportunity for the display of good legitimate comedy work. *The Woman Hater* will be played the entire week, and as it ran to good business in New York for 100 nights, it will, no doubt, draw well here.

ENNA JUCH OPERA COMPANY.—Among the members of this company that will be highly welcomed here may be reckoned Georgine von Juch, soprano, who was prima donna of the Duff Opera Company on the occasion of its recent visit to this city. Georgine (whose full name is too long for frequent repetition) will sing the soprano rôle in *Der Freischütz*, which will likely be more suited to her than the light music she has lately been singing. Emma Juch has two very strong roles to sustain as "Mariana" and "Carmen." Her appearance in *William Tell* is to be a picture, as are the youthful scenes of the Swiss patriot, but the chief attraction of this opera is in the male characters, which will be principally sustained by Tagliapietra, Franz Weiss and Charles Hempton, a very strong combination, and one which ought to insure the success of the production.

The opening of the box office for the advance sale of tickets for Tuesday morning next. The company is now plying in San Francisco to good houses, and on coming here will, it is promised, bring their stock of scenery with them, and mount their operas in the best possible style.

ADELINA PATTI.—Coming into competition with the Juch Opera Company, the Italian Opera Company, of which Patti is the bright particular star, announced the opening of its subscription list on the same day, namely, Tuesday next. The books will remain open until the 23rd inst., at noon; by which time the management will be able to decide by the advance sale whether their company shall play here or not. The attractions of the organization have been heretofore alluded to in full and Tuesday's sale alone will probably determine to what extent the public of Los Angeles is bent upon securing a feast of Italian opera such as will not be offered here again for many years to come.

LOS ANGELES THEATER.—Charles H. Hoyt's funny farce—some say the funniest he has written—namely, *A Bunch of Keys*, will open tonight for a four nights' engagement at this house. The piece is now in its eighth season, and seems to have lost little, if any, of its drawing power.

PEARL OF PEKIN.—Kacie and Dixey's comic opera of this name will be presented at the Los Angeles Theater for the week beginning 28th inst.

## Justice to Col. Otis.

[San Bernardino Courier, Jan. 17.]

The Courier has no disposition to mix in the fight between THE TIMES and the Tribunes of Los Angeles, but it does happen to know, and from Mr. Terry himself, all about the relations between Col. Otis and Mr. Terry. Mr. Terry told us all about it at the time, and we can testify that Col. Otis was wholly, consistently, honorably and absolutely loyal to Gen. Vandever in the campaign, and that he was published an extract from the speech of Mr. Terry, denunciatory, not of Gen. Vandever, but of the Tribune and its people.

The statement that Col. Otis acted in any other than an absolutely loyal, consistent, manly and active attitude of friendship toward Gen. Vandever we know to have no foundation in fact.

[The above absolutely truthful statement of the case is republished by THE TIMES from Mr. Arthur Kearney's paper, not, however, because either this journal or the editor of it require any vindication as to their loyalty to Gen. William Vandever. That loyalty was exhibited from the hour when Vandever's name was first mentioned to Congress, for his first term, up to the night of that eventful day when Vandever was elected by the most magnanimous majority ever given to a member of the Fiftieth American Congress.—EDITOR LOS ANGELES TIMES.]

Charges of Corruption.

TOPEKA (Kan.), Jan. 18.—By the Associated Press.] Thomas Crehan, 70 years old, and who is the father-in-law of Oliver Doud Byron, died this morning in Justice Tighe's courtroom. Deceased had been on a spree and his son caused his arrest. An officer brought him to court this morning, but he was taken suddenly ill and died. Crehan's oldest daughter is the accomplished actress, Miss Adele Rehner. Oliver Doud Byron, the second son, is a druggist, who is also in excess of reputation. The youngest daughter is in private life. Two sons are among the active business men of Brooklyn. The old man had become a confirmed drunkard.

Appointments by the Governor.

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 18.—The Governor today appointed the following notaries public: Charles Broadus, San Gabriel; J. T. Kuhns, Elsinore.

The Governor appointed J. J. Crawford of El Dorado county, member of the Examining Commission on Rivers and Harbors, vice-P. A. Hambrick, resigned.

## A Child Devoured by Hogs.

GAINESVILLE (Tex.), Jan. 18.—Wild hogs entered the cabin of a farmer yesterday in the Chickasaw Nation, near Aransas, and devoured a little child which was sleeping in the house. The rest of the family were a short distance away in a cotton field. The mother is crazy with grief.

## Dissipation and Suicide.

OLYMPIA (Wash.), Jan. 18.—D. M. Brown, formerly City Marshal of Olympia, shot and killed himself at his residence. He had been indulging in liquor as had been his custom since release from the penitentiary for killing a man as he claimed in the discharge of his duty.

## TALKS WITH CITIZENS.

*The Citrus Fair.*—F. Edward Gray of Alhambra, one of the Citrus Fair Committee, was seen on the street by a TIMES representative yesterday. He has really been the moving power of the committee thus far, being present at each meeting that has been called, and several times the only member present. He has corresponded with Mr. Kimball of National City, and with the State Board of Agriculture, and has really done all he could to push the project along.

"I feel," said Mr. Gray, "that Secretary Patton of the Chamber of Commerce is taking a course that will antagonize a good many people. A good deal of this hue and cry against the committee is without warrant. If the committee is let alone, it will probably perfect arrangements for holding the fair in good shape."

*A Case in Point.*—If the city really wishes to "economize," said a well-known citizen who lives not a mile from the corner of Temple and Fort streets, "it can find a grand place to commence in the office of Superintendent of Streets. A while ago some of the city force working in cut let a mass of earth down and smashed several panels of my fence. The foreman apologized to me about it, and said he would have it repaired. A few days afterward a cartman came along and dumped a load of lumber in my yard. He was followed in a few moments by a couple of carpenters with their tools, and they went to work on the fence. It was a rainy day, and I suggested that they had better wait until the weather cleared up, but they said no; they had been sent to mend the fence and they were going to do it. They worked between showers, and rested when it rained, and the cartman stayed and helped them, and if you'll believe me, those three men with a cart and horse for a contingent actually put in the entire day in mending my fence. I could have done the work myself in two hours. That's the way the city money goes."

*The City's Way.*—"The city pays big prices and gets short hours of service," said another gentleman standing by, "while a private contractor can hire all the day labor he wants for \$1.50 a day and get ten hours of service; the city pays \$2 for a day of eight hours. The same rule holds with teamsters, carpenters and all the other people who labor for the city, and in the aggregate it makes a big bonus which the taxpayers have to stand."

*A Little Incongruity.*—"I notice," said an old-timer, "that the Board of Public Works, or some other of the powers that be, have just laid down a new crosswalk or two on Temple street. That's all very nice, and there's no kick coming from me, but it makes me laugh just the same. There are the heavy 3-inch planks spiked down across the gutter, leaving a lee-way beneath of not more than six or eight inches. At the same time the Street Superintendent's men are off in another part of town, tearing up and confiscating gutter-brides that have been laid by citizens. Many of these bridges are taken from streets where not half the water runs in the gutter that finds its way down Temple street, and they are nothing like the obstruction that the municipal crosswalk will prove. The city government is not always consistent when it gets a crocket."

*No Worth Patching Up.*—Recorder Francis was riding down on the Temple-street line the other day, when he said: "Do you know, if I were the owner of this street and trying to save expenses, I wouldn't spend a dollar in filling holes and patching it up this winter. The other day city carts were at work dumping cement gravel right on top of the soft mud."

It was like sprinkling sand over a mortar-bed. The first wagons that came along churned it up and incorporated it with the mud, and that was the end of the matter. Again they put in days and days of work hauling gravel to fill the gullies alongside the gutters, and the first big rain that comes along washes it all out in 20 minutes. No, sir; I would have the street as it is until it can be paved, and then it will stand the wear and tear."

*Carl Brouge's Offer.*—A stranger met me on Spring street the other night and told me that a gentleman would meet me in front of a certain number on North Spring street the next night at 11 o'clock and give me \$100. I am ready to testify before the Grand Jury, and I will give them several startling developments. I have notified them that I am ready to talk."

*Railroad Man.*—"I believe there will be a freight and passenger-rate war in this State in less than six months. The big railroad companies are growing more angry with each other day by day, and there is bound to be an explosion very soon. The Southern Pacific is anxious for a war with the Santa Fe, and the new officers of that company seem anxious to meet them half way. It will be a good thing for the country."

*Mono.*—*Monrovia Items.*—MONROVIA, Jan. 16.—[Correspondence of THE TIMES.] The Young Ladies' Seminary was opened up in the Monroe Place today, and is now one of the established facts.

A number of the young folks are about establishing a lawn-tennis club. The following are today's arrivals at the Grand View Hotel: W. N. Newmann, Los Angeles; Mrs. M. E. Ellis, Pomona; Mrs. M. P. Lynn, Salem; Dr. Abram Heslop, Lamanda Park; F. W. King, Los Angeles; J. T. Stewart, city; Mrs. Jessie Bass, Salem, Or.

*The Western Union's Celery.*—(St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Jan. 10.)

In its service for the Globe-Democrat, on Wednesday night, the Western Union Telegraph Company gave a wonderful illustration of its reconstructive and recuperative power. Immediately after the fire on Wednesday morning there was scarcely a wire working east or west. Toward night began to get into shape, and before the Globe-Democrat went to press yesterday morning 30,000 words of special dispatches had been received over the Western Union wires.

*Coming Structures.*—Superintendent Muchmore issued the following building permits last week: G. W. Donnell, addition to dwelling, No. 421 Flower street, \$600.

A. B. Phillips, frame dwelling, Wall street, near Fourth, \$800.

G. Fritz, frame dwelling, Ingraham street, near Union street, \$1000.

J. Dombildes, addition to frame dwelling, Mayo street, \$100.

Number of permits, 4; value of improvements, \$200.

*Pneumonia and La Grippe.*—WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—[Correspondence of the Department of Justice.] About 3 o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the engine-room of the creosoting works of the Southern Pacific Railway Company, and in a few minutes the entire works, except the supply tanks, were enveloped in flames. The fire department and the working force of the railroad company responded promptly, but the quantity of water obtainable seemed only to add spirit to the highly inflammable material, and they soon turned their attention to protecting the supply tanks. These, fortunately, were located to windward of the fire and were housed in with redwood lumber, and an additional piece of good fortune the rain was pouring down in torrents. Even then the tanks became so hot that they smoked like tar kilns. Had these reservoirs of latent fire been allowed to join forces the result would have been a veritable miniature inferno, and would doubtless have communicated the flames to the residences on the hill, full 20 rods away. As it was, it is claimed that the walls of some of the buildings became too hot to hold a hand to them, and several families packed their Sunday clothes and valubles preparatory for traveling. Aid was telegraphed from Los Angeles, but arrived too late to be of special service. The scene as witnessed from a distance was majestic. Great clouds of smoke and gas of inky blackness would arise, and when high in the air suddenly burst out into seething flames, darting zigzag tongues of fire in all directions, and as suddenly extinguished, only to be followed by another.

At this writing no estimate of the damage can be obtained. One of the mammoth steel retorts was partly filled with creosote, and, owing to the bursting of the injector pipe in the falling of the boiler-room, this became ignited,

and is doing its best to add to the work of ruin. The orifice is about two inches in diameter, and the flame issues several feet high. The retort is very hot, and although too strong to be exploded even by the pent-up fury of creosote on fire, it is thought that the bursting out of the supports has allowed it to settle near the center, and if so, has probably rendered it useless.

[Further particulars are as follows: How the fire was started is a mystery. The works had been in operation the day before and Engineer Woods claims that he left his fire banked and everything in safe condition. The fire destroyed the engine and boiler and one of the large retorts used for creosoting piles. The other retort was saved. The shed covering the works was also destroyed. A thousand gallons of creosote oil became ignited, making the hottest fire ever seen in that quarter. How any part of the works were saved is a marvel.

The loss is estimated at \$25,000.

The works were owned by the Pacific Improvement Company, one of the subsidiary companies of the Southern Pacific, and were established about a year ago to treat piles and timbers for the new Southern Pacific wharf in the outer harbor of San Pedro. It is stated that the company was about to remove the plant to Oakland to treat timbers for the wharf there. If this is the case, it is doubtful whether the works at San Pedro will be replaced.

Eleven men are thrown out of employment for the time being.

The superintendent of the works is Niles Scarles, Jr.—ED. TIMES.]

## SHIPPING NOTES.

The American ship, Glory of the Seas, Freeman, master, arrived at this port yesterday, only nine days from Nanaimo, B.C. Her cargo consisted of 4000 tons of coal for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. The Glory of the Seas is one of the finest and fastest wooden ships afloat, and her captain puts her against anything that comes along. Steamers not barred. Nine days is a remarkably quick voyage, and yet she was becalmed over 24 hours of that time.

An aerolite is reported to have been seen this morning about 1:30, and is supposed to have struck the earth out in the hills, only few miles west of town. Several persons have gone out in search of it today.

## POMONA.

*A Budget of News Compactly Made Up and Sent Out.*

POMONA, Jan. 18.—[Correspondence of THE TIMES.] More real-estate transactions have taken place in Pomona thus far this month than at any similar period in over two years. Up to date about \$30,000 is the amount of Pomona's real-estate business for January. The sales that have been made have been confined almost exclusively to acreage property and orange orchards.

In the death of Mrs. William A. Hammer, at her home in this place, Pomona loses one of her earliest and most beloved residents. Every one here knew Mrs. Hammer, and her funeral was the most largely attended of any ever known in this place. The age of the deceased was 48 years. She leaves a husband and two sons.

Col. T. W. Brooks is planning to go to Northern California soon for a visit of several months at his mining properties.

A company of four business men from Ventura county is perfecting plans and preparations for developing the petroleum resources of the China ranch, and will begin work in February. Mr. Gird has made a contract with the company to operate upon his land for four years. Experts on the subject of petroleum say that the evidences of an abundant supply of oil among the foothills on the ranch are particularly flattering.

The debt on the new \$18,500 M. E. Church in this place has been removed, the sum of \$700 having been subscribed for that purpose in less than one hour.

The closest and best estimates of the quantity of oranges to be shipped from Pomona during the next four months is 75,000 boxes. This is more than double the quantity of oranges shipped from here one year ago. Five years ago there was less than half a carload of oranges shipped from Pomona. Over 300,000 acres of fruit will come into first bearing for next year.

The \$8000 that Postmaster-General Wanamaker has sent to President Sumner for the benefit of the building fund of the Pomona Congregational College will go a good ways in rearing the walls for the main building that is now in course of erection. Mr. Wanamaker and President Sumner were schoolboys in Philadelphia years ago, and a strong bond of friendship has existed between them ever since.

The Pomona Wine Company is shipping wine to New York at the rate of two carloads each week.

Otto Mueller, formerly of Los Angeles, is lying very ill at his home on Garey avenue, with consumption.

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At this writing no estimate of the damage can be obtained. One of the mammoth steel retorts was partly filled with creosote, and, owing to the bursting of the injector pipe in the falling of the boiler-room, this became ignited,

and is doing its best to add to the work of ruin. The orifice is about two inches in diameter, and the flame issues several feet high. The retort is very hot, and although too strong to be exploded even by the pent-up fury of creosote on fire, it is thought that the bursting out of the supports has allowed it to settle near the center, and if so, has probably rendered it useless.

[Further particulars are as follows: How the fire was started is a mystery. The works had been in operation the day before and Engineer Woods claims that he left his fire banked and everything in safe condition. The fire destroyed the engine and boiler and one of the large retorts used for creosoting piles. The other retort was saved. The shed covering the works was also destroyed.

With its magnificent appointments and genial atmosphere, is the most delightful and thoroughly enjoyable place.

THE HOTEL DEL CORONADO  
CORONADO,

With its magnificent appointments and genial atmosphere, is the most delightful and thoroughly enjoyable place.

## IN THE WHOLE WORLD.

## NO EXCEPTION.

Every breeze there is laden with health, and the constantly changing and beautiful panorama is most pleasing to the eye of every visitor.

## IN-DOOR AND OUT-DOOR AMUSEMENTS ARE AMPLY PROVIDED.

## THE CORONADO NATURAL MINERAL WATER

Is possessed of especial MEDICINAL VIRTUES in Kidney and Bladder troubles, and has made

## MANY EFFECTUAL AND WONDERFUL CURES

Among guests at the Hotel and others.

## Los Angeles Agency and Bureau of Information,

23 NORTH SPRING ST., COR. FRANKLIN.

Call and get a picture of the Hotel.

## REMOVAL NOTICE.

## BERTRAND, PHOTOGRAPHER,

Will remove to southwest corner Main and Second streets about January 20th, when we will have all the latest appliances for doing first-class work. French, English and German spoken. Tourist view depot removed to same address.

J. T. BERTRAND.

W. F. STEIN.

## SANTA MONICA.

An Interesting Budget of News from the Seaside.

SANTA MONICA, Jan. 17.—[Correspondence of THE TIMES.] At the meeting of the trustees Monday evening a motion was made and carried that 14 street lamps be placed on the different streets at places where they are most needed. The need of more light on the streets of Santa Monica has long been felt, and the residents hope that the lamps will be erected as soon as possible.

On Sunday, January 19th, the restaurant formerly known as Simmon's will be reopened by Mrs. Charles Knowlton of Los Angeles.

The Hotel Arcadia was opened on Wednesday and already has quite a number of guests.

A temperance lecture will be given this evening at the office of the Southern Pacific Railroad and Front street, to be graded and graveled. This will be a great improvement, for, as it is now after the rains, this part of the avenue is almost impassable.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Church will give a concert next Monday night, January 20th. Forest Cheney, the celebrated violinist, will take part, and this is enough to make the concert a success. Musical selections will be given also by Mrs. W. L. Tierney, Mrs. S. F. Munson of Los Angeles, Mr. E. H. Sweetzer, and Mr. and Mrs. Tempier Allan.

Mrs. J. C. Frey, who has been quite sick, is now much better.

Dr. Allan has had a very severe attack of influenza, but has now nearly recovered.

"A Valuable Book."

We have just received a copy of the LOS ANGELES TIMES ANNUAL, and have only been able to glance through it, but even that is sufficient to discover that it is a valuable book, full of facts.

CONSULT Mrs. Dr. Weir, the Los Angeles specialist, for female diseases. 402 South Front.

CULVER'S CARBOLIC SALVE—magic healer—cuts, bruises, burns, etc. 25 cents.

A Fact.

Every time you make a purchase of tea or coffee outside of the store of the Discount T Company, 148 South Main, you simply throw money away. We furnish all tea free.

TALKING OF GUNPOWDER TEA, why not sell a 15-cent Imperial leaf gunpowder for 10 cents? We do not care what we get rid of. Well, you know we don't make much on it—we give two pounds of loaf sugar free with every pound. It does look like rock-sugar trading, but we are bound to do a live business at 148 South Main street.

WE ARE CUTTING THE PRICES!

Hats, Underwear, Etc.

## A CHANGE.&lt;/div

## TIE AND TRACK.

ANOTHER RAILROAD RATE WAR IN PROSPECT.

The Southern Pacific and Santa Fe Preparing to Lock Horns—More Changes in the Force—A Hard Tussle With "La Grippa."

The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe companies are preparing to jump at each other's throats, and the chances are that the fun will begin very soon. Both companies are determined to gather in as much freight as possible in Southern California, and the Southern Pacific has run up the black flag by gathering in the Santa Fe's best men as fast as possible. The local heads of the freight departments of both companies have been changed within the past few months, and both companies seem to have blood in their eyes.

It is more than probable that these companies will inaugurate a rate war very soon. The circus has started in San Francisco, according to Friday's Chronicle. The local agents of the eastern roads are reducing rates in a quiet kind of way from \$1 to \$5 to New York city, and if this thing is kept up any length of time there is bound to be trouble, and it will prove a good thing for California, as it will be the means of bringing a number of people out here who will not come when it costs as much as it does at present.

Several changes have taken place in the depot ticket offices of the Southern Pacific in this city during the past few days. W. J. Reeves, ticket agent at the Wolfskill depot, has resigned, and H. R. Bingham, who has acted as ticket agent at the San Fernando-street depot, was transferred to the Wolfskill yesterday, and H. C. Campbell has taken Mr. Bingham's place.

Yesterday morning George E. Smith, a switchman in the Southern Pacific yards, died. He was taken down with *la grippe* a few days ago. He is a single man and has been in the employ of the company a number of years. He was the sole support of an aged mother.

Last night the first orange special of the season left the Wolfskill depot at 10 o'clock for the East. It will go over to Southern Pacific, the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific. There were 18 carloads.

General Manager Wade of the Santa Fe, who has been confined to his bed with *la grippe* during the past week, was in his office an hour or two yesterday morning. Mr. Hyatt is still confined to his bed.

"Bob" Hamilton of the Southern Pacific, who has been laid up with *la grippe*, was out yesterday. Bob looks as if he has been dangling over a newly-made grave. He says it is the queerest disease he ever grappled with. He had no suspicion that his system was out of order until the disease struck him, and in less than two minutes his teeth were chattering at the rate of 1000 snaps a minute. The chill struck him at 9 o'clock one evening, and he did not get warm until 9 o'clock the next morning, notwithstanding the fact that five or six hot irons were placed at his back and feet. He says he never came so near dying in his life, and he looks as if he tells the truth.

George McMillan quit the Santa Fe last night, and will go to San Diego today to take the general agency of the Southern Pacific Company in that city.

It was reported among railroad men yesterday that the Southern Pacific is about to take another one of the Santa Fe's best men, and make him general outside agent at Riverside.

## NATIONALISTS.

An Interesting Meeting Held Last Night.

There was a considerable gathering of Nationalists and their friends at Illinois Hall last evening. Rev. A. J. Wells and D. Gilbert Dexter were both absent on account of sickness. Mr. Hinckley, Mr. Wilshire, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Judah and Mr. Hoy spoke along the line of Nationalist thinking in general. Mr. Harrison said he had entered politics for the first time. F. P. Cook spoke particularly of the electric method of decomposing and disposing of sewage, which has proved a success in England, and to which Park Benjamin refers in his article on "The Possibilities of Electricity" in the December Forum.

A resolution asking the City Council to refuse to grant any more charters to private parties to do what the people can do for themselves, at half the cost, was vigorously adopted, and Messrs. Wade, Benjamin, Wilshire, Cook and Street appointed to present it to the Council.

A motion that hereafter Nationalists vote for members of Congress favorable to their views found no objectors.

The name of the organization, on motion of Mr. Vinet, was changed from league to club.

The Social Nationalist Club No. 4, which meets at 29 South Spring street, has prepared an entertaining programme for next Tuesday evening.

In addition to the Sunday meeting at Temperance Temple this afternoon, there will be a meeting this evening on the East Side, at the home of Mrs. Bennett, on Waters street, near Downey avenue, north, to which all liberal people are invited. There will be music, a short address by F. P. Cook, and an opportunity for general acquaintance.

## A MYSTERY.

Redondo Beach Officers After a Murderer.

The people of Redondo Beach are considerably stirred up over what at present looks like a mysterious tragedy. Yesterday morning between 8 and 9 o'clock, while S. M. Cook, a bricklayer, was out on the wharf at that place he noticed the door of box car No. 904 of the S. K. D., standing wide open. He stepped inside, when he was surprised to see on the floor of the car a large pool of blood, beside which was his derby hat, size 7½. Close by he also found a gold-mouled dagger, with a blade about 4½ inches long, covered with blood up to the hilt. Cook at once hunted up Constable George Foyer of Chautauqua township, and reported what he had discovered, at the same time turning over the hat and dagger to that official, who now has them in his possession. Constable Foyer at once made an investigation, but up to the present time there is no clew to the mystery, as no one is reported missing. It is thought, however, to be a case of suicide, from the fact that the car was standing out on the wharf over deep water, where it would be an easy matter for a person to jump into the sea, even after inflicting a serious wound, or to be thrown overboard, as the door was standing wide open. Constable Foyer will make every effort to unravel the mystery, and will not give up until every resource has been exhausted.

## Knocked Senseless.

Last night, between 11 and 12 o'clock, while some of the stage hands at the Grand Opera-house were shifting the scenery and getting the stage in order, one of the number was struck on the head by a piece which fell from the flies, inflicting an ugly scalp wound. The young man was knocked senseless for a few minutes, but came around all right. Several physicians were telephoned for before Dr. Wade was secured, who sewed up the wound. The young man is not seriously injured.

## CHINESE LAW.

Ah Sam Thinks He Has Been Condemned to Death.

Ah Ging, the murderous highbinder who attempted to rob one of his countrymen named Ah Sam, on Sanchez street, Friday night, about 10 o'clock, and when the heathen tried to defend himself, fired two shots at him, was before Judge Owens yesterday afternoon on a charge of assault with intent to kill. Sam told his story, from which it appears that he had a very narrow escape. He said that he was passing up Sanchez street, about 10 o'clock, dressed in his working clothes, when Ging, who evidently mistook him for some one else, grabbed him by his pigtail, and ordered him to give up his money. He resisted, when the highbinder drew a big pistol and struck him with it once or twice, telling him to keep quiet, and on his continuing his efforts to get away, fired two shots at him while holding to his queue. One of the bullets grazed his skin, inflicting a slight flesh wound. The clothes were put in evidence, showing where the bullet had passed through them, and they were also bloody. Sam said that before Ging could fire again, Officer Gilbert caught him, when the pistol was again discharged, but did not damage.

Officer Gilbert testified to hearing the shots, and also to the arrest of the Chinaman, saying that the pistol, which was a long-barreled, 45-calibre Colt, was discharged once after he grabbed it by the barrel. The pistol was also put in evidence.

After hearing the testimony, Judge Owens set the examination for January 20th, with bond fixed at \$1500, which was given by what is known as the Ah Mow combination.

While the Chinaman, Sam, testified that the attempt on his life was made in trying to rob him, it is believed that there is more behind it, and that it was a deliberate attempt at assassination to get him out of the way, as it is known that he is virtually an outcast among his people.

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Some months ago he was arrested with other Chinamen, and while all were bailed out, Sam was convicted and sent to the County Jail, where he served his sentence. At the jail Sam cut off his queue, which he gave to Jailer Russell, and said that he intended to go back on his people. In this resolve he weakened, for when the time for his release drew near he got hold of some jute and made an artificial pigtail, which he tied to the stump until his hair had a chance to grow out again. He then went back to Chinatown, and on the night when the "Peruvian Princess" was assassinated, on Sanchez street, Sam was in the house, and said that he also had a narrow escape. Sam was apparently oblivious in helping the officers in the search for the assassin, who, however, has never been captured. Since that time the heathen has been keeping quiet, but it is believed that Sam has been sentenced to death by his people, and it is only a question of time when he will be made away with. It is hardly probable that Ging will ever come to trial before the Superior Court, the fact that bond was furnished so readily showing that he is backed by some of the wealthy companies, who would rather forfeit the entire amount than produce the highbinder when he is wanted.

## THE CHAMBER.

Offers of a Location for the Permanent Exhibit. The Committee on Ways and Means of the Chamber of Commerce met yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock for the purpose of receiving bids for new quarters for the chamber and the permanent exhibit. Eight offers were received, among which was Armory Hall. All of the members of the committee were not present, and the meeting adjourned until 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

The chances are that Armory Hall will be accepted if Mr. Mott can get it in order in time. The militia will move about the 1st of next month.

Maj. Jones goes to San Francisco today to attend the annual meeting of the State Board of Trade, which convenes in that city tomorrow. Maj. Jones will go to Washington, D. C., to look after Southern California appropriations as soon as he gets through with the State Board of Trade.

**Knocked Out by "La Grippa"** There was no meeting of the Finance Committee of the Council at the City Clerk's office, yesterday afternoon, as is the usual custom. Both Councilmen McLain and Van Dusen are laid up with the *grippe*, which broke the quorum. Councilman Brown is also laid up, and Councilman Summerland is out of the city, while Councilman Wirsching has been under the weather for the past few days, which leaves President Frankenfeld and Councilmen Hamilton and Shafer available for service.

Police Officers Weatherman and Pond are the latest victims of the prevailing malady. Officers Purvis, Woodward and Rowan are still on the sick list. Chief Glass has recovered sufficiently to attend to his duties for a part of the time during the day, and Clerk Schick has also reported for duty.

## That Municipal Job.

In addition to the special committee of the Council appointed for that purpose, several other Councilmen are looking into the bills for the remodeling of the old City Hall to turn it into a police station, and some interesting developments are expected. It has been ascertained that the bills for labor for carpenters alone amounts to more than the same item for three nine-room, two-story houses recently erected on Main street. The bills for painting are also being closely scrutinized, and yesterday one or two Councilmen were around asking for information on the subject. The matter will probably come up at the meeting of the Council this morning.

## Knocked Senseless.

Last night, between 11 and 12 o'clock, while some of the stage hands at the Grand Opera-house were shifting the scenery and getting the stage in order, one of the number was struck on the head by a piece which fell from the flies, inflicting an ugly scalp wound. The young man was knocked senseless for a few minutes, but came around all right. Several physicians were telephoned for before Dr. Wade was secured, who sewed up the wound. The young man is not seriously injured.

## Clearing-house.

The following business was transacted by the Los Angeles Clearing-house last week:

Monday.....\$141,928.57 \$22,298.00  
Tuesday.....79,241.51 13,767.00  
Wednesday.....61,165.38 13,765.15  
Thursday.....55,709.33 5,695.00  
Friday.....71,900.81 18,271.19  
Saturday.....34,560.32 6,161.03

Totals.....\$444,305.98 \$89,793.31

## BUSINESS.

Money, Stocks &amp; Bonds.

By Telegraph to The Times.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—Money on call easy with no loans.

Prime mercantile paper, 5½@7.

Sterling exchange, dull and steady; 60-day bills, 4.82; demand, 4.80.

American cotton oil, 29½.

Government bonds, dull and steady.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—Trusts supplied all the features in the stock market today, being again decidedly weak, and scoring material declines, while stocks on the regular list were generally extremely dull but firm for the greater portion of the time, but showing irregular and slight changes from last night's prices at the close. Sugar tonight is down 2½ and Cotton Oil 1½, but the other changes are for fractional amounts only, though the declines are the most numerous.

NEW YORK STOCKS AND BONDS.

New York, Jan. 18.—Northern Pacific 38½; N. P. preferred, 7½.

U. S. 4½%, 104½; Northwestern, 10½.

U. S. 4½%, 104½; N. W. preferred, 14½.

Pacific 6½, 10½; N. Y. Central, 10½.

Oregon 4½, 10½.

Oregon &amp; Northern, 10½.

Central Pacific, 38½.

C. &amp; Q. &amp; G., 10½.

Rock Island, 10½.

St. Paul, 10½.

Texas Pacific, 26½.

Kansas &amp; Texas, 9½.

Union Pacific, 65½.

U. S. Express, 35.

Wells-Fargo Ex. 12½.

Mich. Centr., 9½.

Missouri Pacific, 7½.

NEW YORK MINING STOCKS.

New York, Jan. 18.—Northern Pacific 100%; N. P. preferred, 200%.

U. S. 4½%, 200%; Northwestern, 100%.

U. S. 4½%, 100%; N. W. preferred, 140%.

Pacific 6½, 100%; N. Y. Central, 100%.

Oregon 4½, 100%.

Oregon &amp; Northern, 100%.

Central Pacific, 38½.

C. &amp; Q. &amp; G., 100%.

Rock Island, 100%.

St. Paul, 100%.

Texas Pacific, 26½.

Kansas &amp; Texas, 9½.

Union Pacific, 65½.

U. S. Express, 35.

Wells-Fargo Ex. 12½.

Mich. Centr., 9½.

Missouri Pacific, 7½.

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U. S. 4½%, 100%; N. W. preferred, 140%.

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Oregon 4½, 100%.

Oregon &amp; Northern, 100%.

Central Pacific, 38½.

C. &amp; Q. &amp; G., 100%.

Rock Island, 100%.

St. Paul, 100%.

Texas Pacific, 26½.

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C. &amp; Q. &amp; G., 100%.

Rock Island, 100%.

## IN PASADENA

**THE TIMES** is served regularly by carrier, at an early hour every morning, to the residences and business places of citizens, at the same price charged in Los Angeles.

The Pasadena Edition is now published every day, and the matter on this page runs through the entire issue so that Pasadena and her advertisers get the full benefit of the Times circulation.

**The Times.**

PASADENA DAILY EDITION.  
BRANCH OFFICE, NO. 26½ E. COLORADO ST.

## EDITORIALS.

Some clear weather and warm days are promised and will be welcome.

The guests of the Webster, the new city hotel, eat to slow music, the dulcet strains of which steal through the branches of a mimic forest.

Five thousand two hundred and twenty feet, out of the 19,320 feet there is ultimately intended to have in the outfall sewer, have been laid.

The Council might select the new Board of Library Trustees from among the 60 who voted against the bonds, and thus add to the horrors of their situation.

The rainfall for the 24 hours, ending at noon the 17th, was .26 of an inch. For the 24 hours, ending noon the 18th, .37 of an inch. Total for the season, according to Mr. Channing, 30.61 inches.

The boulevard via San Rafael ranch, by Eagle Rock, coming out near the head of Colorado street, is to go through. The Supervisors build the bridge and Mr. Scoville the stone work. The contract has been let for grading, and the work will soon be finished. A short and very beautiful road to Los Angeles will be the result.

Some idea of our peculiar climate may be had by starting from Pasadena on the map with a latitude of about 34° 2' 58" and following it east. We shall strike tons of snow and an eastern blizzard perhaps within the first 50 miles; then the great desert, winter storms, snow and ice in New Mexico, finally reaching the vicinity of Wilmington, N. C., having passed through endless varieties, but nothing to compare to the orange groves and green fields of grain of January in the San Gabriel.

## ABOUT THE HOTELS.

A Raymond Excursion Party Arrives Ahead of Time.

A large Raymond excursion party arrived shortly after noon yesterday in charge of Mr. Charles A. Cooke of Chelsea, Mass. Mr. Cooke has a reputation for bringing the parties under his care to their destination on time. Yesterday, however, he eclipsed all previous records by getting his people here three hours ahead of time. Those in the party are: Edward H. Abbot, John C. Abbot, Hartford, Ct.; Mrs. Alfred L. Barbour, West Newton, Mass.; Miss B. C. Brown, G. F. Brown, H. F. C. Brown, Mrs. M. F. Brown, Jersey City; Mrs. Sarah Carpenter, Mrs. F. A. Edmunds; Mr. F. J. Taber, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Upham, Mrs. R. H. White, B. H. White, Jr., Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Carvanna, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Ferry, Miss Fannie C. Ferry, Miss H. C. Ferry, Springfield, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Howe, Mariboro, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Knight, Miss H. S. Richardson, Worcester, Mass.; Miss Helen Lewis, Waltham, Mass.; Mr. John Markle, Miss K. L. Markle, West Newton, Pa.; Mrs. C. H. Merrill, Master C. A. Merrill, Miss G. M. Merrill, Shadburne Falls, Mass.; Mrs. C. A. Metcalf, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. C. J. Monroe, Jr., and maid, New Haven, Ct.; Mrs. M. A. Meyers, York, Pa.; Mrs. J. E. Nagle, Winsted, Ct.; Mrs. T. C. Otis, New York; Mrs. Edmund Phinney, Portland, Me.; Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Pierce, New Bedford, Mass.; Miss Florence E. Stowe, Waltham, Mass.; Mrs. Gorham Thurber, Miss Alice Thurber, Providence, R. I.; E. A. Tracy, Norwich, Ct.

The floor was well filled with dancers at last night's shop. Many of the recent arrivals were among those present.

A full programme of gayeties for this week will be arranged by the Entertainment Committee.

A large excursion party will arrive Tuesday afternoon.

## THE WEBSTER.

A handsome new sign bearing "The Webster" in gilt letters has been completed, and will be placed on the main south entrance tomorrow.

Among yesterday's arrivals were:

L. S. Kellogg, Racine, Wis.; C. H. Gray, San Francisco; Mrs. W. W. Ansberry, Miss Irene Mitchell, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; L. Schanz, San Francisco. Friday's overland brought S. P. Warner, George H. Gill, Mrs. P. B. Slocum and Mrs. E. Tatum, of New York.

## BREVITIES.

The sun played an all-day game of hide-and-seek yesterday.

The overland arrived shortly after dark yesterday. This is an age of progress.

City Clerk Campbell has received a handsome new warrant book, and is accordingly happy.

It is thought the roads will not be in condition today for the bicycle club's run to Alhambra.

Yesterday afternoon's clearing skies were gladly welcomed. The air gives promise of a spell of good weather.

There was a fair attendance yesterday evening at the caucus meeting of the Lake Vineyard Land and Water Company.

Any one wishing to offer land for park purposes should send in their bids to Judge Magee of the San Gabriel Bank before Tuesday.

A magnificent meteor shot out of the southwest heavens last evening just before dark. The head was as large as a base-ball, and of a brilliant green hue.

A contemporary speaks of yesterday's Council session as "brief." It began at 9:30 and lasted until long after noon. We claim the right to differ on ideas of briefness.

A memorial service will be held next Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock in the Church of the Angels, Garvanza, in commemoration of the anniversary of the death of Alexander Robert Campbell-Johnston.

The sidewalk in front of the hole in the ground on South Raymond avenue is again passable. Yesterday the railing that cut off that portion of the pavement was taken down and a substantial fence built inside.

BY MAIL, \$9 A YEAR.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1890.

BY CARRIER. PER MONTH, \$50  
PER YEAR, \$10.

## DEATH'S VALLEY OPEN.

## THE "TIMES" COMMISSIONER REPORTS EXCLUSIVELY.

A Half Century of Horror Cleared Up—The Adventures of an Explorer—The Sea of Gas—Across the Deadly Valley on Stilts—Vast Wealth—Petrified Skeletons—A New Book on the Wonder of the Pacific Slope.

America is indebted to foreign authors for much valuable information about herself. Hardly a year passes but some distinguished writer passes through on his way to Asia, and his impressions a few months later are given to an appreciative public. It has become a matter of journalistic courtesy for the press of this country and citizens at large to aid these authors as much as possible, and **THE TIMES**, while desiring to respect that professional modesty which prevents a paper from blowing its own horn, is forced into the position of stating what it has done in this connection.



The "Times" commissioner looking into Death's Valley—also its burro.

For some months past there has been in this country a distinguished member of the Institute of France, a gentleman who is known in scientific circles all over the world. This savant is preparing an elaborate work on Death's Valley, to be published at an early day. He found in Los Angeles so much information concerning it that a visit to the place was hardly necessary. **THE TIMES** was informed of the matter some time ago; learned that the scientist wanted maps of the valley and accurate measurements of the depth of the deadly gas; samples of sticks eaten or corroded by contact; drawings of bodies and teams seen in the valley from the cliffs above—and determined to aid him in procuring the bottom facts.

The New York Herald had its Stanley; the Times its Schwatka; the Cosmopolitan its race around the world. Why should not the Pasadena edition of the LOS ANGELES TIMES have its representative in Death's Valley, and give the results to this noble-hearted and gifted foreigner? There was but one difficulty. Who could be found to face the terrors of the now famous valley, that for years had been the destruction of thousands? It is enough to say that the man was found in the guise of Col. John Jewks, late general manager of a Chicago gas company. The Times learned that Col. Jewks could inhale more gas and live than any man in Southern California. The Colonel wanted excitement; so it was settled, and two months ago he started.

Yesterday the expedition returned, and the Colonel's report is given for the benefit of the savant, who is now in Los Angeles, and the general public. "Yes, sir," said the Colonel, to a TIMES reporter; "I am back, and I claim to be the only man who ever went through Death's Valley and didn't die; and, moreover, the valley is open to the public for the first time in the memory of man."

"The valley is well known; it has the reputation of having caused the death of over 3000 persons in this century. Hundreds of trains wandered into it and stood there petrified, or rather vitrified, turned into metal monuments."



The only man who ever went through Death's Valley.

The Colonel showed the reporter the watch. It had no works, the space being filled with a substance resembling cotton.

"I worked over two hours trying to reach that wealth, but had to give it up. I visited over 30 trains of immigrants and looked upon hundreds who would have been 49ers had it not been for this deadly valley. There was not a living thing excepting self, the burro and black cloud of buzzards a mile over head. I found, and here the Colonel brought out a map covered with figures] that the gas was lowest in the exact center of the valley, it being but two feet deep there; but it was more deadly. A gopher introduced here died in just one second without a struggle. From this point I found the depth gradually increased inversely as the distance from the center to the mountains, and that its power decreased inversely in the same proportion.

In other words, at the center, where the gas was three feet deep, a gopher died in one second; while at the base of the mountains, where the depth was eight feet, it took 10 seconds.

In this way, by multiplying the time it took to kill the gopher at the three-foot place by the time it took to kill one at the five-foot base, I obtained the specific gravity of the gas and the volume, which I estimated at 6,000,000,000,000 meters."

"Gas masters?" asked the reporter.

"Certainly," replied the Colonel, courteously. "In five days I mapped the entire region, and located the depths as you see on the map."

"Every night as I retired to the surrounding peaks, to sleep, and feed the burro, I pondered upon some method to secure the property in sight, but so unattainable. The only way was to breathe the gas; but how? Would it burn? The next day I took in an ordinary beer-bottle and brought it out filled with gas. Touching a match to it, it flamed up like ordinary gas, and developed such a heat that it melted the bottle. Well, young man,"

said the Colonel, taking off his sombrero, "to say that I was delighted going back to Pasadena rolling in wealth."

"Well, the next three days I employed in hauling sticks and grass to the summit of the steepest peak, and finally I had a combustible ball 20 feet in diameter. You perceive my idea;

"Death's Valley," continued the Colonel, "about 10 miles wide by 15 long, is surrounded by a range of lofty mountains. Before

daylight of the 12th I was on the sum-

mit, and, with the burro, looked down onto one of the most frightful scenes in the known world. I could see the



## Pasadena Edition.

## Times.

HOTELS.

## THE MARIPOSA.

Center, between Euclid and Marengo aves.  
PASADENA, CAL.

## THE IDEAL HOME FOR TOURISTS.

Strictly first-class, with all modern improvements; location the very best.

MRS. J. C. FITZHENRY, Proprietress.



## THE WEBSTER,

PASADENA, CAL.

First-class in Every Appointment.

RATES, \$2 TO \$2.50 A DAY.

Special rates to families and commercial travelers.

Large sample rooms and telegraph office in hotel. Elevator running night and day.  
E. C. WEBSTER, Manager.

## SOUTH PASADENA HOTEL AND SANITARIUM.

A home for invalids, where proper care and attention will be given. Dietetics and the

BEST MEDICAL TREATMENT

will be found. The surroundings, where fruits and flowers abound, combine to make it a

## HOME FOR THE INVALID

and for the well a retreat from the cares of business.

MRS. H. TYLER WILCOX, M. D. and MRS. S. LIGHTFOOT.

## THE PAINTER,

NORTH PASADENA.

Corner Mary and De Lacey st.

MRS. J. P. NELSON, Proprietress.

A family hotel with all the comforts.

## LOS ANGELES HOUSE,

PETER KLEHN, Proprietor.

Located on the corner of

DE LACEY AND W. COLORADO ST.

## MARENGO HALL, PRIVATE FAMILY BOARDING HOUSE

Strictly first-class; rates reasonable; fine location, corner Marengo ave. and Kansas st.

Miss A. J. SPALDING.

ST. NICHOLAS, 11 AND 13 W. UNION

St. John McLain proprietor. Rates a day house in Pasadena. Special rates by the week. Meals 25 cents.

## GROCERS.

1882. SEVEN YEARS OLDEST AND BEST.

After seven years of successful business in Pasadena.

HUBBARD &amp; CO. GROCERS, still continuing to do a large business in fancy groceries and coffee. The best and cheapest in the city.

## GOULD BROS.

Have the Finest Store in the City.

NO. 78 WOOSTER BLOCK.

With an Immense Stock of

## FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES.

And Will Not Be Undersold.

T. J. MARTIN, 26 S. FAIR OAKS, telephone 54; headquarters for fancy groceries dried, evaporated and crystallized fruits, fresh vegetables and all kinds of Christmas delicacies; best goods at lowest prices.

## J. M PERMAR &amp; SON,

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, 27 E. COLORADO ST. Prompt delivery and no charge. Telephone No. 42. Our Motto: Reliable Goods, Fair Prices, Courteous Treatment.

C. HALSEY, STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, 125 E. COLORADO ST.

## BOOK-SELLER AND STATIONER.

H. E. PRATT,

BOOK-SELLER AND STATIONER.

Have made arrangements whereby I shall receive the novels of the most popular authors as soon as issued. Complete assortment constantly on hand. Subscriptions received for all periodicals at lowest rates.

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Pasadena Office of the LOS ANGELES TIMES.

Subscriptions and advertisements receive prompt attention.

A. M. McPIERSON, Manager.

## PHYSICIANS

DR. S. ROSENBERGER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office and Residence at S. Rosenberger's Drug and Prescription Store, No. 23 S. Fair Oaks Ave., Pasadena, Cal.

DR. DEWITT CLINTON NEWMAN,

Room No. 10 and 11, Arcade building, W. Colorado St.

DISEASES OF THROAT AND LUNGS.

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## DRY AND FANCY GOODS.

CRUCKSHANK, BREMNER &amp; CO., of the

BON. of the WORLD.



## PEOPLE'S STORE.

OUR GIFT SALE A GIGANTIC SUCCESS.

A Long List of Bargains Selected for the Sale This Week—What We Will Give Away.

PEOPLE'S STORE,  
MONDAY, Jan. 20, 1890.

Here we are again after the storm—couldn't very well expect us out during the kind of weather we've been having. We stayed indoors all the time to look up bargains for our second gift sale. Our first one last week, that is, up to the time it rained, was an immense success. We gave away about 20,000 pieces of glassware and bargaining galore. For this sale we have gathered the cream of the stock. Many times we felt badly at the way we slaughtered the prices, but it couldn't be helped. Our orders are to make room—get rid of goods and get room for the spring goods, and that's all we're thinking about. Prices don't cut any figures.

During our second gift sale we will present to every patron a magnificent decorated cup and saucer. Some of the styles are entirely new to this city, being imported expressly for our holiday trade. They arrived late; in fact, too late for the holiday trade, and we are not going to carry them over till next Christmas.

We have decided to give them away. It's a pity to do so, but we haven't got room to keep them. All of them will go; a few are on display in our windows; they are mixed in among a few of our sledge-hammer bargains. Come around and treat yourself to a look, anyhow.

Canton Flannel, 50¢ a yard; worth 10¢. All-linen Crash, 50¢ a yard; worth 10¢. All-linen Towels, 50¢ each; worth 10¢.

Four-4 Unbleached Muslin, 50¢ a yard; worth 10¢.

Dress Calicoes, 40¢ a yard; new designs.

Apron-check Ginghams, 40¢ a yard; worth 10¢.

All-linen Huck Towels, 85¢ each; worth 10¢.

Tea-gown Flannelles, 85¢ a yard; worth 10¢.

White-wool Flannel, 15¢ a yard; worth 30¢.

Cups and Saucers given away.

Ladies' mixed Hose, 65¢ a pair; worth 12½¢.

Ladies' baibergen Hose, 65¢ a pair; worth 12½¢.

Children's solid-color Hose, 70¢ a pair; worth 15¢.

Dotted Net, 10¢ a yard; worth 25¢.

Ladies' embroidered lace-thread Hose, 75¢ a pair; worth 25¢.

Lace Pillow Shams, 15¢; worth 35¢.

Rosary Trimming, 50¢ a yard; worth 10¢.

Children's ribbed Hose, 50¢ a pair; worth 12½¢.

Ladies' extra-fine lace-thread Hose, 90¢ a pair; worth \$1.25.

Ladies' embroidered lace-thread Hose, 75¢ a pair; worth \$2.25.

Ladies' fancy lace Hose, 25¢ a pair; worth \$1.25.

Ladies' high novelty Hose, 25¢ a pair; worth 75¢.

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Ladies' fancy lace Hose, 2

NINTH YEAR.

LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1890.—TWELVE PAGES.

PRICE: Single Copies 5 Cents.  
By the Week, 3 Cents.

THE ENCHANTED MESA.  
A LEGEND OF NEW MEXICO IN THE  
FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

18th Nicholas for January.  
"Hear ye, people of Acoma, for I, the Governor, speak. Tomorrow, go ye down to the fields to plow; already it is the month of rain, and there is little in the storerooms. Let all go forth, that we build shelters of cedar and stay in the fields. The women, also, to cook for us. Take ye each one his burros, and food for a mouth. And pray that the Sun-Father, Pa-yat-yama, give us much corn this year."

As white-headed Kai-a-tan-ish passed deliberately down in front of

strength and beauty, despite the swarthy skin.  
Sho-ka-ka sighed as the boy ran off. "It is an ill time that we start for the planting. I saw an owl in the cedars today, and it would not fly when I shouted. And when I smoked the holy smoke I could not blow it upward at all. Perhaps the spirits are angry with us. It is good that we make a sacrifice tonight, to put their anger to sleep." And he strode thoughtfully away to the great, round *estufa*, where the councilors were to smoke and deliberate upon the morrow's work.

When the Sun-Father peeped over the eastern mesas in the morning, he looked in the eyes of his expectant children. Motionless and statuesque they stood upon the house-top awaiting his coming; and now they bowed

surprise him by night. During the day he could devote himself to the sick.

Two days went by uneventfully, and A-chi-te was disappointed. Why did not the Apaches come, that he might show his father how well he could guard Acoma? The third day dawned cloudy, and a ragged, sullen drift hid the Peak of Snow, away to the north. In the afternoon, the rain began to sweep down violently, a savage wind dashing it against the adobes as if to hurl them from their solid foundations. Little rivers ran down the streets and poured from the edges of the cliff in hissing cataracts. A perfect torrent was running down the cleft, and spreading out over the great Ladder Rock in a film of foam. Luckily A-chi-te's moccasin and bed were out of its reach.

"Surely thou wilt not sleep in the Ladder tonight," said his mother, as she listened to the roar of the storm.

"Yes, Nana, it must be. On such a night the Apaches are likeliest to come. I am not salt, that the rain should melt me, and my bed is above the running water. What would Tata say if he came home and found I had let the Apaches in, for fear of getting myself wet?"

When he had fed the sick, A-chi-te took his bow and quiver and started for his post. It was already growing dark, and the storm showed no sign of abatement. It was a fearful climb down to his little crow's nest of a fort. The narrow, slippery path was at an average angle of over fifty degrees, and was now choked with a seething torrent. He had at one time to climb along precarious ledges above the

his cheek, patting her back gently, the quaint embrace of his people.

"Get thee into a house, Nana. I go to Tata. Sho-ka-ka!" And in another moment he had disappeared between the black jaws of the abyss.

The horror of a lifetime was in that few hundred feet. Blinded by the rain, deafened by the hoarse thunder of the stream, he let himself down foot by foot with desperate strength. Once the flood swept his feet from under him and left him hanging by the clutch of his hands upon the walls. It took two full minutes to bring his feet back to the rock beneath. But at last he came to where the cleft widened and the frantic stream spouted out and went rolling down the precipitous slope of the Ladder Rock. Here he stood a moment to catch his breath, and then turning, began to back down the slippery rock, his hands digging furiously into one foot-notch, while his toes groped in the hissing water for the notch below. His teeth were set, his bronze face was a ghastly gray, his eyes were like coals. The wet strands of his hair whipped his face like scourges. His finger-ends were bleeding as he pressed them against the sandstone. But slowly, automatically as a machine, he crept down, down, fighting the fierce water, clinging to the tiny toe-holes. Once he stopped. He was sure that he felt the rock tremble, and then despised himself for the thought. The great Ladder Rock tremble? Why, it was as solid as the mighty mesa!

It was half an hour before he reached the bottom of the rock; and when he looked downward, over his shoulder, he cried out astounded. The cataract had had its way with the great hill of fine sand on which the base of the rock rested; and where the path had been was now a great gulch 50 feet deep. To drop was certain death. He thought for a moment. Ah! the pinon! And he crawled to the side of the rock, which was here only a gentle slope. Sure enough there was the pinon tree still standing, but on the very edge of the chasm. It was 15 feet out and 10 feet below him—an ugly jump. But he drew a long breath and leaped out. Crashing down through the brittle branches, bruised and torn and bleeding, he righted himself at last and dropped to the ground. A moment's breathing spell and he was dashing down the long sand-hill and then up into the valley. The fields were eight miles away. Would his strength last, sorely tried as it had been? He did not know; but he pressed his hand against his bleeding side and ran on.

Suddenly he felt the ground quiver beneath his feet. A strange, rushing sound filled his ears; and, whirling about, he saw the great Ladder Rock rear, throw its head out from the cliff, reel there an instant in mid-air, and then go toppling out into the plain like some wounded Titan. As those thousands of tons of rock smote upon the solid earth with a hideous roar, a great cloud went up, and the valley seemed to rock to and fro. From the face of the cliff three miles away, great rocks came leaping and thundering down; and the tall pinons swayed and bowed as before a hurricane. A-chi-te watched them, headlong by the



I was passing along the street on Tuesday morning, when I came across the most perfect picture of content imaginable. A little chap, perhaps 8 years old, was out with his small cart-body fastened to its four wheels. It was a rude affair, without side or end boards, and consisted simply of planks about three feet in length laid upon the axletrees, and a wooden tongue, by which the cart was drawn.

The little fellow had drawn his vehicle up upon the sidewalk, close by the side of one of the business houses on the street, and there, with the blue skies above him, the pleasant sunshine and warm air flooding him, he laid stretched out at full length dreaming his day-dreams, and with a smile of glad content lighting up his face.

What was the world with its cares to him? What its noise and turmoil, its want and its suffering? The sun warmed him. The light breeze brought pleasant sounds to his ears; he could lie there and watch the passers-by, see the birds flying over his head, and build his castles in Spain, and all about him was peace.

Happy little lounger! Tomorrow did not trouble him, and yesterday was gone. Life held for him only today, and with it and its sunshine he was content.

I met a friend the other day who told me an amusing story of a Chinaman employed in the house of a family living on Pearl street.

John was cook and prince of the kitchen domain of the establishment. There was no gas in the kitchen, so John was dependent upon a coal-oil lamp for his illumination. By some means, unknown to the family, there was an explosion of the lamp, and the mistress of the establishment, sitting in her parlor with a guest, was surprised by the most unearthly sounds emanating from that department.

There was the noise for a moment as if a small pugilistic encounter were transpiring. The lady made a rush toward her kitchen, and hurriedly opening the door, she saw the Celestial standing in the center of the room, the flames shooting up from the floor to the ceiling in front of him, his hair on fire.

John was in a state of complete bewilderment, while he stood dazed and speechless, uttering only a guttural cry which was deep enough to come up from the bottom of his boots, if he had had any on.

Of course, the household was at once alarmed, and the fire was extinguished without calling in outside aid.

When tranquility was once more restored, the lady said to the Chinaman: "Sing, why did you not cry fire when the lamp exploded?"

"O, you spouses when my hair all afire, my shirt all fire, my shoes all fire, me think to call fire, too?" responded the imperturbable John.

That Charge Drowned Again.

[Venture Vidette, Jan. 15.]

The Tribune charges Col. Otis of THE TIMES with receiving \$200 hush-money from Reel B. Terry during the last campaign. This, Col. Otis denies in unmeasured terms, and publishes a dispatch from Terry denying that he had ever paid him a dollar for any purpose. We have known Col. Otis for the past 15 years, and while we have been compelled to diametrically differ from him in some things, we believe his honesty is above question. He cares too little for money to sell himself to Gen. Vandever's enemy that cheap.

Pound the Bass Drum.

[Fresno Republic, Jan. 1.]

The Republican party is continually gaining strength in Fresno county, and in 1892 the Republican party will have a majority.

The Annual "A Splendid Success."

[Santa Monica Outlook.]

The TIMES made a special effort, and it was a splendid success.

STATE AND COAST.

Over 1000 pounds of hams have been stolen from freight cars at Sacramento in the past few weeks.

All the roads are impassable in the upper Gila Valley, Ariz., owing to the heavy snowfall.

The Veterans' Home at Yountville received 41 gravestones from the Federal Government last Saturday.

James Stuart of Colton missed \$1000 that he had in his trunk after he discharged a Chinese cook. He's looking for the cook.

The Santa Barbara Press says that shippers of beans from that county have heard of no rejection of beans because of damage by the October rains, as has been published.

The Julien Sentinel of January 3d says: We have been absent for the last week-on business, negotiating for a Corripo pump with which to keep the water out of our office, as announced last week.

Tsa Kang, the Chinese Consul-General at San Francisco, has issued a proclamation to the local highbinders, warning them to desist from breaking the laws of the State.

Collector of the Port of San Francisco Phelps and Immigration Commissioner Thorne have agreed upon a plan by means of which the importation of Japanese women for immoral purposes will be stopped.

Hollister lost \$618.80 by fire last year, and paid \$25,000 in premiums to insurance companies. The people have paid \$250,000 to the companies during the past 20 years, and the fire losses have not exceeded \$10,000.

Hamilton W. Gray has been awarded the contract to build the great irrigation ditch for the Turlock district. The water will be taken from the Tuolumne River, near Wheaton's dam, and the canal is to be 70 feet wide, and will irrigate 500,000 acres.



The rock of Acoma.

the houses, the soft Queres words rolling sonorously from his deep throat, the people stopped their work to listen to him. The ruddy sun was just resting over the cliffs of the Black Mesa, which walled the pretty valley on the west, and the shadows of the houses were creeping far out along the rocky floor of the town.

Such quaint houses as they were! Built of gray adobe, terraced so that the three successive stories receded like a gigantic flight of steps, they stood in three parallel rows, each a continuous block a thousand feet long, divided by interior walls into two but comfortable tenements. There were no doors nor windows in the lower story, but tall ladders reached to the roof, which formed a sort of broad piazza before the second-story door. Women were washing their hair with the soap root of the *palmilla* on the yard-like roofs, or coming home from the great stone reservoirs with gayly decorated *tinajas* of rainwater perched confidently upon their heads. Children ran races along the smooth rock which served for a street, or cared for their mothers' babies, slung upon their patient young backs. The men were very busy, tying up bundles in buckskin, putting new handles on their stone axes and hoes, or fitting to damaged arrows new heads shaped from pieces of quartz or volcanic glass.

As the Governor kept his measured way down the street, repeating his proclamation at intervals, a tall, powerfully-made Indian stepped from one of the houses, descended the ladder to the ground, and walked out toward the sunset until he could go no farther. He stood on the edge of a dizzy cliff.



"He stood on the edge of a dizzy cliff."

reverently as his round, red house rose above the horizon. A solemn sacrifice had been offered the night before, and all the medicine men deeded the omens favorable, save old Poo-yate, who hook his head but could not tell who he feared.

Already an active young brave had rounded-up the hundreds of burros at the foot of the rock; and now a long procession of men, women and children, bearing heavy burdens for the packs, was starting toward the southern brink of the cliff. A deep, savage cleft, gnawed out by the rains of centuries, afforded a dangerous path for 500 feet downward; and then began the great Ladder Rock. A vast stone column, once part of the mesa, but cut off by the erosion of unnumbered ages, had toppled over so that its top leaned against the cliff, its base being 200 feet out in a young mountain of soft, white sand. Up this almost precipitous rock a series of shallow steps had been cut. To others, this dizzy ladder would have seemed insurmountable; but these sure-footed Children of the Sun thought nothing of it. It gave the only possible access to the mesa's top, and a well-aimed stone would roll a climbing enemy in gory fragments to the bottom. They could afford a little trouble for the sake of having the most impregnable city in the world—these quiet folk who hated war, but lived among the most desperate savage warriors the world has ever known—Apaches, Comanches, Navajos and Utes.

The seeds, the provisions, the stone hand-mills, the stone axes and hoes, the rude plows—each made of a young pine, with one short, strong branch left near the stem for a share—were packed upon the patient burros. Upon other burros mounted the men, riding double, and the women, each with children clinging before and behind her. As Sho-ka-ka rode away, he turned to look up, once more at the rock, and at the tiny figure outlined against the sky. It seemed no more than a wee black ant, but he knew it was his son. A-chi-te, and waved his hand as he yelled back, "Sho-ka-ka!" from lungs as mighty as those of Montezuma.

In half an hour the long procession had melted into the brown bosom of the valley; and even A-chi-te's keen eyes could distinguish it no longer. He drew a deep breath, threw back his square young shoulders, and walked away to his mother's house. Alone with three sick women, the only man in Acoma—no wonder the boy's head was carried even straighter than usual. Truly, this was better than going to the planting. All the boys had gone there, but he was trusted to guard alone the proudest city of the Queres! He ran up the tall ladder and entered the house. At one side of the dark little room lay his mother on a low bed of skins. The boy put his warm cheek against the wasted face, and a thin hand crept up and stroked a hairy hair. "Little one of my heart," she whispered, "are they all gone?"

"All gone, Nana, and I am left to guard thee and the town. Now, await me while I make thee a drink of atole!"

A-chi-te went over to the big lava metate, at the other side of the room, drew from a buckskin bag a handful of blue corn that had been parched in the big beehive of an oven, and, laying the hard kernels on the sloping block, began to scrub them to powder with a small slab of lava, flat on one side and rounded on the other to fit the hand. When the corn was reduced to a fine, bluish meal, he brushed it carefully into a little earthen bowl, and with a gourd-cup dipped some burro's milk from a *cocito*. Then he poured slowly upon the meal, stirring with a stick, till the bowl was full of a thin, sweet porridge.

"Drink, Nana," he said, holding the bowl to her lips, and supporting her head on his left arm. "Then I will carry atole to Stchu-muts and Kush-eit-ye."

When he had fed his three charges and carried a supply of gnarled cedar sticks into each house to feed the queer little mud fire-places—for, at that altitude of over 7000 feet, it was cold even in summer—A-chi-te turned his attention to the duty which naturally seemed to him the boyish ambition the most important—to guard the town. He slung over his shoulder his bow and arrows, in a case made from the skin of *mo-kei-cha*, the mountain lion. Then he went scurrying over the pueblo, gathering up all the stones he could find, from the size of his fist to that of his head, and carried them down to the foot of the great cleft where the Ladder Rock began. Here he stowed them in a little recess in the rock; and as they had not so many as he thought desirable, he added to them several score adobe bricks from ruined houses. When this was done, he viewed his battery with great satisfaction. "Now let the Apaches come! Truly, they will find it bitter climbing!" And, indeed, it was so. So long as his rude ammunition should hold out, the boy could hold at bay a thousand foes. No arrow could reach to his lofty perch, nor could the strongest climber withstand even his lightest missile on that dizzy "ladder."

A-chi-te now brought down some skins, and made a little bed beside his pile of stones. There was no danger that the Apaches would come in the daytime, and he would sleep with his weapons by his side, so that they should not

..."gruel made of boiling Indian corn in water or milk."

"A curved stone in the shape of an inclined plane used for grinding corn."

"A flat bowl of clay."



"He drew his arm across his mother's shoulder and drew her head against his cheek."

water, and at another to trust himself, keeping from being swept down to instant death only by pressing desperately against the rocky walls of the gorge, here not more than three feet apart. But at last, trembling with exhaustion, he drew himself up to his little niche and sank upon his drenched bed, while the white torrent belloved and raved under his feet, as if mad at the loss of its expected prey. Deeper and deeper grew the darkness, fiercer and fiercer the storm. Such a rain had never been seen before in all the country of the Hano Oshatch. It came down in great sheets that veered and slanted with the desperate wind, dug up stout cedar trees by the roots, and pried great rocks from their lofty perches to send them thundering down the valley. To the shivering boy, drenched and alone in his angle of the giant cliff, it was a fearful night; and older heroes than he might have been pardoned for uneasiness. But he never thought of leaving his post; and, hugging the rocky wall to escape as far as he could the pitiless pelting of the cold rain, he watched the long hours through.

"A-chi-te! A-chi-te!"

Surely, that could not be his mother's voice! The gray dawn was beginning to assert itself on the dense blackness of the sky. The rain and the wind were more savage than ever. She could not be far from the house, he thought, and yet—

"A-chi-te! A-chi-te!"

It was her voice; and in surprise and

had undermined his sandy bed!

And the town—his mother! The boy sprang to his feet and began running again, stiffly, and with an awful pallor on his set face.

When the men of the Acoma came galloping home on foaming burros, it was in deadly silence. And even when they stood beside that vast fallen pillar of stone, looking up at the accursed cliff, not one could speak a word.

There was Acoma, the city in the sky, the home of their forefathers; but their feet would never press its rocky streets again. Five hundred feet above the ground, the narrow cleft was filled with the sullen gray sky, fitted two wan figures whose frantic shrieks scarce reached the awe-struck crowd below. No ladder could ever be built to scale that dizzy perpendicular. The cliff everywhere was perpendicular. And so, forever exiled from the homes that were before their eyes, robbed of their all, heart-wrung by the sight of the doomed women on the cliff, the simple-hearted Children of the Sun circled long about the fatal Rock of Katzim. Council after council was held, sacrifice after sacrifice was offered; but the merciless cliff still frowned unpitying. It became plain that they must build a new town to be safe from the savage tribes which surrounded them on every side; and

## THE MODERN BRIDE.

MRS. HARRISON AND THE WIVES OF SENATORS

And Cabinet Ministers Discuss Her Age and the Conditions of Her Marriage—Interesting Matrimonial Talks with a Dozen Eminent Women.

[COPYRIGHTED, 1890.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—[Special Correspondence of THE TIMES.] What should be the age of the modern bride?

This question forms the subject of my interviews with the leading ladies of Washington this week. Of the 200 mothers of daughters whom I saw at President Harrison's last evening's White House reception, 85 per cent. were married before they were 20. The sweet, bright girls whom her chaperoned ranged in age from 20 to 25. Their mothers married at 17, but they are in no hurry to settle at 24 and 25. The

"after you grasp for it you do not want it."

"There are times, however, Florida, when a girl should marry for a home," said the mother. "Not just to have a roof over her head, but for the care a good man will always give to his wife. She should not marry for love alone, for matrimony requires a more solid foundation than capricious love."

"Can a girl afford to marry a poor man?" I asked.

"Of course she can," replied Mrs. Miller, "if he is frugal, of good habits and of some business ability."

MRS. JUSTICE FIELD'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

"I tell all the girls I know," said Mrs. Justice Field, who, although she has no daughters of her own, always has half a dozen girls in her drawing room, "to fall in love correctly if they must fall in love at all. I do not think a girl should follow her first fancy. She may think she loves at 18, but is wise to wait until she is 22, and then, as a rule, she does not marry the one whom she selected at first."

"Should a girl choose for herself?" I asked.

"Marriage is a girl's own affair, and she should pick her husband, although she should pay heed to the advice of older people."

"Should the position of the lover affect her choice?"

"A girl who has been properly bred," replied Mrs. Field, "will always give a thought to the position in life of the man she marries. While love should decide her choice it is her right to weigh in her own mind whether her future husband could give her anything like the home her father has given her."

MRS. SENATOR M' MILLAN.

Mrs. Senator McMillan of Michigan will have half a dozen million-dollar beauties under her care this winter, but she, too, is against the "dear girls" and their little love affairs. She said:

"I consider the two or three years after a girl leaves school the happiest of her life, and if she can live it independent of any engagement she will be able to make a much better choice at the end of that time. Suppose a girl's fancy is caught the first year she is out; her whole position in society is changed. She passes among her friends as the 'engaged girl,' and must almost be a recluse. It is much better for her to be a free lance, and meet any number of men agreeably without a thought that they might possibly want to marry her. Circumstances and place have much to do with these affairs of love, and the mother who wishes to keep her daughter a while should see that she met many men, especially if she notices that she is slightly taken by any one. I cannot conceive how a girl can marry against the wishes of her friends, nor can I see how she can marry any one repellent to herself, no matter how much her friends esteem him."

"Suppose a girl falls in love with one whom her parents knew to be unworthy?"

"If a girl under 20 is obstinate and determined to marry against reason I think the strongest measures should be taken to prevent her. Parents have a right to look after the future of their daughters if the girls themselves have not the judgment to do it."

MRS. JOHN C. SPOONER.

I next called upon Mrs. Senator Spooner and asked her as to the age of the modern bride. She said:

"There would be fewer divorces if all women married at 25, but more seriously the average girl's constitution is not hardy until she is 24 or 25. Also a woman should have a chance to prove herself and to show an ability to take care of herself before she marries. A man honors a woman who gives up a career to be a wife."

"Should every woman marry?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Spooner, "if she consults her own happiness, for there is little that a woman cannot do after she marries that she might have done had she remained a spinster."

Mrs. Spooner raised her hands with a pretty, tragic gesture, and rolled her eyes in serio-comic fashion, as I put the question of what a girl should marry for.

"Love, and love alone," she said.

"I cannot conceive, considering the peculiar delights relations of husband and wife, how any woman can marry for aught but love. The only possible exception might be where a girl, like Thekla, has 'lived and loved,' and is quite sure that she can never love again. Then admiration, boundless esteem and a fair degree of friendship might excuse a girl for marrying her for a home. Strange to say, many such marriages have resulted better than those begun with extravagance."

Mrs. Spooner concluded by a characterization of ideals that would have made Swinburne or Oscar Wilde faint and fail.

"Marry a first love! Faugh! A girl should never marry her ideal. To use a Pennsylvania expression, there's no 'filin' to an ideal man. When I think of the half-grown boys I admired when I was 16—faugh!"

MRS. SENATOR COCKRELL'S OPINION.

"I do not believe in early marriages," said Mrs. Senator Cockrell, emphatically, "and I even think there are some happy ones when a girl of 20 marries a man of 40, as witness the marriage of President Cleveland and Miss Folsom. I know when I was young I looked with high disdain upon men of my own age, and thought if I could find a man as noble and good as my father I should marry him, no matter if he was old."

"But about early marriages?" said I.

"The case is against them," said Mrs. Cockrell, "if one studies Washington society for a year. You cannot live here even that length of time without seeing hundreds of prominent men whose wives are markedly inferior to them."

"What is the reason?"

"In nine cases out of ten you will find that they were boy and girl matches. The girl has, too soon assumed the responsibilities of wife and mother, and has often become querulous, pettily and indifferent to improvement, while her husband has advanced every moment until there is hardly a common point upon which they can meet. It is the most pitiful thing in the world, and I venture to say the next generation will rarely see it, for girls are every decade marrying later."

Never feel that you are too old to become a student, and let me assure you that as such your life will broaden, your mental horizon will become clearer, and you will find grand perspectives that your gaze will penetrate, unlimited fields of research and pleasure that will never cloy.

NOTES.

Tomato Jam.—Take ripe tomatoes, peel and take out the seeds; put into a preserving kettle with half pound of sugar to each pound prepared tomato; boil two lemons soft, pour them fine, take out the pits and add to the tomatoes; boil slowly, mashing to a smooth mass. When smooth and thick put in jars or tumblers.

Tomato Catsup.—Half a peck of tomatoes cut fine, one teaspoonful grated horseradish root, half-teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful each of sugar, black mustard seed, white mustard seed and celery cut fine; one teaspoonful black pepper, one red pepper without seeds, one teaspoonful each of cloves and mace, two teaspoonsful cinnamon, a quart good cider vinegar. Boil from two to three hours.

Tomato Preserves.—Choose small, green tomatoes; pierce each with a large turning needle; allow four pounds of sugar and a pint of vinegar to every seven pounds of fruit. Heat all slowly together and boil until the syrup has thoroughly penetrated the fruit and it

looks clear. Season to taste with ground spices, cloves, cinnamon, ginger and mace; add a pinch of salt. When the tomatoes are done skin them out; boil down the syrup and pour it hot over the fruit. Lemon juice can be substituted for the vinegar if preferred; the juice of four or five lemons would be sufficient for the same quantity of tomatoes.

Thanksgiving Buns.—Boil a little saffron in sufficient water to cover, strain and cool. Rub half a pound of fresh butter into a pound of sifted flour, and make into a paste with four well-beaten eggs; add the saffron. Put the dough in a pan and cover it with a cloth. Set in a warm place to rise. When light mix into it a quarter of a pound of sugar, a grated nutmeg and two spoonfuls of caraway seeds. Roll out the dough, divide into cakes. Sew with caraway comfits and bake in flat

A CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE.

"A thorough education is within the reach of every girl at this day," said Mrs. Burrows, "and consequently they should not marry as young as they did 15 or 20 years ago. There is so much more in life for a woman now than there was then, and as long as marriage takes from 20 to 30 years of their lives, they should give at least five years to promiscuous studying after they leave school. The next generation will be the better for the increased intelligence of the mothers. No; 25 is none too old."

LOVE IS ALL, SAYS MRS. GEN. LOGAN.

"It is a matter of mating, not of years," said Mrs. Gen. Logan, "when a girl meets the man she loves; whether she is 18, 20 or 25, she should marry him. Love cannot be regulated by years. I speak from the standpoint of 25 years ago. There may be more in life for a girl now than marriage, but the girl who waits will find one day that it is the only true life for a woman. But we can hardly blame girls now for putting it off until they are 25, for they have no such opportunities as we had."

"What do you mean by 'opportunities,'" Mrs. Logan?" I asked.

In her smile there was half of sorrow, half of humor, as she said:

"The men today are not like those of the past." MISS GRUNDY, JR.

WOMEN AND HOME.

The "Chautauqua Course" in the Home.

I had a chapter on books last week, and I desire to supplement it by a few more words upon the same subject.

I should like very much to see the "Chautauqua Course" more generally taken up in the home. The helpfulness of this organization, especially for those who in their younger days have not received a liberal education, is not easily estimated. It throws open a wide field of research for them, and guides their feet very wisely as they press on in the search for knowledge. I speak whereof I know, for I have been a Chautauqua since 1879, and have not only been able to refresh my memory in studies that in the past were familiar to me, but have also traversed some new paths and gleaned fresh knowledge from the books read. With this year my young daughter takes up the course and I read with her, gathering fresh interest from our mutual research and study. The evenings at home have a specific interest for us, as we sit down with our text books, and for help, our encyclopedias, atlas and dictionary, and live in fancy the life of the old Romans; view their architecture, study their laws, traverse their cities, watch their toiling plebeians, note the haughty ways of patrician and senator, and learn the causes which made and unmade Rome.

SUSAN SUNSHINE.

THE ORCHARD.

A LIVERMORE (Alameda county) man has sold a million grape cuttings to Mexico.

ORANGES picked during the rain are said to appear to a disadvantage from the tarnishing of the bloom.

CALIFORNIA's fruit crop for 1889 is estimated at \$24,000,000, a gain of \$3,000,000 over the year before.

An orange tree will last longer than man's lifetime. Therefore, he can afford to make no mistake in planting it.

THE late freeze was in some localities sufficient to excite apprehensions for the oranges, but so far as reported no damage has resulted.

JOHN A. STEWART, in the Rural Press, condemns the Manzanillo olive, at least for the coast regions. He says they drop badly, the winds work unmercifully on them, and they are particularly subject to black scale.

POMELAS are said to have originally come from Hindooostan, whence they were transplanted by the Arabs, in the ninth century, into Southwestern Asia. Their culture in California dates from the founding of the San Gabriel Mission, 120 years ago.

COUNTERFEIT trees are reported in the experience of planters. Trees bought for one variety turn out to be another, and a man finds after years of work that he has not got what he paid for. The moral is, buy only of the most responsible and intelligent dealers.

JAPANESE persimmons have appeared extensively in the San Francisco market, but the demand for them is limited. That seems to be the experience generally, and the probability is that it will not pay at present to increase their production to any great extent.

BANANAS do sometimes have seeds, though the circumstance is very rare.

They are of an oval, flattened shape, generally resembling those of the loquat. They are small, being only about half as large as a pea, and are confined to the pithy center, or heart, of the fruit.

RAILROADS.

A Glance at California Lines.

CALIFORNIA FOR HEALTH.

SAN BERNARDINO.

The Largest County in the State of California.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

A Compact and Conservative Statement of Its Condition Today.

VENTURA COUNTY.

Abundant Water, Good Soil and Cheap Lands.

ORANGE COUNTY.

First-born Child of Imperial Los Angeles—Santa Ana and the Other Towns of Our County.

IN THE SAN FERNANDO.

The Big Valley—Its Towns and Tributaries.

THE NIETOS COUNTRY.

Downer of the Center of This Fertile Region.

EAGLE ROCK VALLEY.

CAHUENGA VALLEY.

SAN PEDRO.

The Port Town of Los Angeles City and County.

OTHER TOWNS.

Norwalk—Long Beach—Santa Monica—The Palms—Whittier.

EDITORIAL.

LOS ANGELES FINANCIALLY.

OTHER SKETCHES.

See from My Window—San Bernardino Banks—Florence.

THE THEATERS.

THE FIGS OF COMMERCE.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

City Funds—Compton—Redondo Beach.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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## JACK AND HIS BEANSTALK.

Out in the meadows, yellow and fair,  
Stood a gay buttercup, thousands were  
Filled with the sunshine, bright with the dew,  
Then shone like stars the wide meadow  
Dandelions bowed to them everywhere,  
Beds floated over them through the bright air,  
And the rosy-red clover, whose honey was  
Sweet.  
Sweet at the touch of the river wind's  
feet,  
Which lingered and loitered and hid in its  
leaves,  
Or with a east of murmurs swept on through  
the trees.

He shot the stone at him, and it sank in his  
head.  
Then down fell the giant and in a moment  
was dead.

Then the old giant's wife came hurrying in—  
She was tall as a poplar, as graceful and  
sinewy.  
And she smiled when she saw the old giant lie  
there.

For he had always been cruel and cross as a  
bear.

And she took little Jack and gave him a kiss,  
Saying, pray tell me, dear, the meaning of  
this.

He took out the pieces one by one,  
There were "I" in all "Oh" he said  
to himself, "I'll just taste the giant's  
toes!" Nobody will see that.  
My, how good! and he took another,  
bite, and another. Pinky ate hers,  
and she said at last, "and I guess I'll eat  
mine."

It did not take him long to do this.

He was almost frightened when the  
sailor boy was gone, and he put the  
candy back into the box.

But this was only Wednesday, and  
Tom would not come before Saturday.  
When once we do a little wrong we are  
very apt to do more.

Pinky went upstairs very often, and  
every time he took out the candy, and he never put back as much as he took

Saturday came at last—three long  
days for Pinky.

When Cousin Tom came she ran to  
her mother. "Now we can give some  
of our candy to Tom, can't we? I had  
15 pieces!"

Mamma her and they went  
upstairs. When they came into the  
room, there sat Punky with tears in  
his eyes and an empty bag in his hands.

"Oo-oo!" he cried, as he ran into his  
mother's open arms. "I just thought  
I'd look at it, and then I ate it!"

"My little man has not been as strong  
as my little woman," said his mother,  
patting his head. "I am very sorry,  
my boy."

"Oh, I'll never, never do it again,"  
cried poor Punky. "I'm so sorry,  
too."

"Never mind, Punky dear," said  
Pinky. "You shall have half of mine,  
and then Tom won't know it."

"No," answered Punky, like a man.  
"I'll tell Tom all about it, and next  
time I'll have some of my own."

Pinky's candy tasted very good to  
the children, and when it was all gone  
mamma brought in another bagful.

They played all day until Tom had  
to go home. Tom said when they  
came to see him he would save his  
candy for them, too.

That night, when Punky prayed to  
God, he said:

"And please, dear God, make me a  
strong boy."

God has made him a strong boy, and  
Pinky is very glad that he can do what  
he wants to do.

Dear little children, can you do what  
you want to do?" B. S. W.

This is a beautiful story, and it shows  
us how weak we are if we trust in our-  
selves. If we would be right and do  
right we must ask God to help us when-  
ever we are tempted to do what we  
ought not. I hope the good friend who  
wrote this will send us something  
more. E. A. O.

## LAY SERMONS.

Here comes a pleasant letter from a  
kind little friend who enjoys our chil-  
dren's corner.

ARTESIA, Jan. 15, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Ois: I have not written to  
you for a long time, but I have read  
the children's corner with much interest.  
I thought that you would like to  
hear from Artesia. We have had lots  
of rain, and many of the Willow folks  
had to leave their homes, as the river  
overflowed its banks, and they had to  
flee for safety. Santa Claus treated  
me very kindly. He remembered me  
both here and in Washington and in  
New York State. He brought me a  
handsome red plush writing desk with  
lots of paper in it, and I have been writing  
letters ever since. We had a full  
rigged ship at the church, and Santa  
Claus was to make his appearance  
through the window; but it rained so  
hard that he could not get there, and  
so all our fun was spoiled.

We were greatly surprised the last  
day of school. Our teacher, Miss Lulu  
Monaghan, took us all to her house, and  
there we saw a big Christmas tree full  
of presents for all the poor children of  
Artesia, and a happier set of little  
children you never saw in your life.  
Some said that they never got so many  
presents in their lives.

I have a big doll, almost as big as  
myself, dressed in a long Mother Hubbard  
white dress and a lace cap, and it looks  
like a live baby, and I call her  
Lulu.

I have written you a long letter, and  
will close, as I am growing tired.

Yours truly,

MAUDIE M. CARPENTER.

And here is a pleasant story about

PINKY AND PUNKY.

Pinky and Punky are twins. Pinky is  
a little girl, and Punky is a little boy.  
They are little children and very happy.  
They sleep in a soft, white bed, side by side.

Punko awoke early one morning, and  
found a bag of candy under his pillow.  
"Pinky, wake up!" he cried. "See  
what I found under my pillow!"

Pinky opened her eyes. When she  
saw what her brother had, she, too,  
slipped her hand under the pillow.

"Oh," she cried, as she drew out a  
bag full of candy, "mamma is so  
good."

They were very busy looking over  
the candy for a while.

There were fat brown mice, with  
rubber tails, and little white sailor  
boys, and many other nice things.

"What will you eat first?" said  
Pinky, looking at his sister. "Let's  
play pussy, and eat a mouse!"

"Oh, no," answered Punky, "I do  
not care to eat a mouse. I am going  
to eat my sailor boy!" See, I bit off his  
toe! Poor little boy, he's lame!"

"Ss—ss," came from Punky, as he  
played with the mouse like a cat.  
Some poor mouse had lost her head.

"Oh, mamma," they cried as mamma  
came into the room, "see what we have  
found."

Mamma was very glad to see her lit-  
tle ones so happy. "Now," said she,  
when the sailor boy and mouse were  
gone, "there is something I want my  
children to do."

"What is it?" asked both together.

"I want you to put away this nice  
candy and eat no more until Sat-  
urday."

"Keep some for Cousin Tom?" asked  
Pinky.

"Yes," said mamma, "try to keep  
every piece until Cousin Tom comes.  
Can you, my children?"

"Yes," said Punky, stoutly; "I'll  
lay it away in my drawer."

"That's right, my little man," said  
mamma, "and what about my little  
woman?"

Pinky looked at the candy. "May I  
eat just one piece more?"

"You may do anything you like," said  
her mother kindly; "but I would be  
very glad if my little girl could keep  
her candy without eating it. Can  
she?"

Pinky looked at the candy again  
and then at her mother. "Yes, I  
can," she said, slowly, "and we will be  
careful when we dress them."

When the wives dressed them, they  
put the candy bravely into the box,  
and went down to breakfast with  
the husband.

But Jack grew brave, and he took from his  
pocket

A sling and a stone, and like a sky-rocket



Jack and the giant.

him under his thumb, and he held him so  
tight. Jack was ready to perish with terror and  
fright.

And down through the long hall he carried him,  
And he took his snuff-box for a safe prison  
pen.

But Jack grew brave, and he took from his  
pocket

A sling and a stone, and like a sky-rocket

That morning, while at play, Punky

lurking in ambush. It is the assassin

of integrity, the destroyer of true man-  
hood and womanhood. Black and ag-  
gressive it leaves its stain on the soul; it  
comes with it and all hopes of future good. We must avoid it as  
we would avoid the poison of the asp  
and the deadly breath of the basilisk.

La. SATAN, true Wright, comes dim  
And passes with longer in his light to bring  
Man to hell's level; and to find some way  
To lead the race from highest good away.

"No it won't," said her brother, as he  
ran as fast as he could.

Pinky went upstairs and took the  
box of candy from the box.

He took out the pieces one by one,  
There were "I" in all "Oh" he said  
to himself, "I'll just taste the giant's  
toes!" Nobody will see that.

My, how good! and he took another,  
bite, and another. Pinky ate hers,  
and she said at last, "and I guess I'll eat  
mine."

It did not take him long to do this.

He was almost frightened when the  
sailor boy was gone, and he put the  
candy back into the box.

But this was only Wednesday, and  
Tom would not come before Saturday.

When once we do a little wrong we are  
very apt to do more.

Pinky went upstairs very often, and he never put back as much as he took

Saturday came at last—three long  
days for Pinky.

When Cousin Tom came she ran to  
her mother. "Now we can give some  
of our candy to Tom, can't we? I had  
15 pieces!"

Mamma her and they went  
upstairs. When they came into the  
room, there sat Punky with tears in  
his eyes and an empty bag in his hands.

"Oo-oo!" he cried, as he ran into his  
mother's open arms. "I just thought  
I'd look at it, and then I ate it!"

"My little man has not been as strong  
as my little woman," said his mother,  
patting his head. "I am very sorry,  
my boy."

"Oh, I'll never, never do it again,"  
cried poor Punky. "I'm so sorry,  
too."

"Never mind, Punky dear," said  
Pinky. "You shall have half of mine,  
and then Tom won't know it."

"No," answered Punky, like a man.  
"I'll tell Tom all about it, and next  
time I'll have some of my own."

Pinky's candy tasted very good to  
the children, and when it was all gone  
mamma brought in another bagful.

They played all day until Tom had  
to go home. Tom said when they  
came to see him he would save his  
candy for them, too.

That night, when Punky prayed to  
God, he said:

"And please, dear God, make me a  
strong boy."

God has made him a strong boy, and  
Pinky is very glad that he can do what  
he wants to do.

Dear little children, can you do what  
you want to do?" B. S. W.

This is a beautiful story, and it shows  
us how weak we are if we trust in our-  
selves. If we would be right and do  
right we must ask God to help us when-  
ever we are tempted to do what we  
ought not. I hope the good friend who  
wrote this will send us something  
more. E. A. O.

Then all the air grew sulphurous with his  
smell.

And into hell passed. Hearing the white  
host that Faust had spoken and told in fairest  
speech.

Howshe would tempt men, leading all and  
each.

To hear her with flattery and vain lies,  
Which she would clothe in such a winning  
guise.

They would go with them, till each con-  
with her quick stabs, could any way be led.

Truth, oft wounded, would withdraw  
star.

And there behind her not a single bar  
Twixt them and wrong.

Then Satan's mighty head  
Be bent in gladness—it well he said,  
A fool indeed, thou shalt be the adjutant of  
Hell.

Fly earthward swift and there henceforth  
dwell.

Smile Again on Me!

Sighed Tom to his beloved. He knew not  
what gave her such a charm in his eyes.

The doctor, preserved by SOZOONT, which  
he had used from girlhood, did his business.

She held her by virtue of his office.

They would go with them, till each con-

with her quick stabs, could any way be led.

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L. Macneil, E. A. Preuss, Miss Smith, Miss Minnie Green, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Thompson, George H. Stewart, T. J. Wolden, A. C. Way, A. G. Gayford, J. L. Whitaker, Mrs. F. C. Draper, S. H. Routh, Miss Pardee and Elsie Routh, George H. Pike, Miss Nellie Frankenstein, Miss Sally Miles, William Prindham Miles, O. W. Childs, Jr., Charles Cassett Davis, Mr. Avery, Mrs. Dr. Ellis, Mrs. Tyler, W. M. Caswell, George L. Arnold.

#### BELLEVUE TERRACE RECEPTION.

The brilliant society event of the week took place last Wednesday evening at Bellevue Terrace, and was participated in by the leading society people of the city. Mrs. S. J. Hammond, who has been proprietor of this large and fashionable tourist hotel for the past two years, with her usual liberality, opened the Terrace for the entertainment of her guests and their friends.

The large parlors were beautifully decorated with tropical plants and flowers, and were brilliantly lighted for the occasion. The dances were danced to the strains of Knowles's famous orchestra. The ladies, in their many varieties of full-dress gowns, attended by the sterner sex, made a beautiful scene promenading on the broad verandas or waltzing in the beautiful ballroom.

The spacious billiard and pool room was turned into an impromptu supper-room for the occasion, where Mrs. Hammond had an elegant collation served between the hours of 10:30 and 12.

Miss Etta Quincy (artist), assisted by Mr. Blake, received the guests in their usual happy way.

There is life and activity at Bellevue Terrace—something going on every evening, including games, cards, etc. A musical and hop is already contemplated for the near future.

There were over 60 couples present, and J. Fred Blake, who acted as floor director, assisted by his aids, made everybody enjoy themselves.

The following were among the invited guests: Misses Jeannette Heyerman, Grace Seaman, Etta Quincy, Alma Lawrence, Blanche Dewy, Hall, Ellis Thomson, Clara Carron, Beatrice Davis, Prussia, Dorsey, Haskins, Cora Fay, Elsie Mitchell, Flora Rawson, Blanche Williams, Flora Culver, S. Miles, May Forrester, Bowe (Santa Ana), May Seaman, Lena Forrester, Eva Tufts, Adele Bassett, Vandusen, Maxwell, Mamie Chanslor, Orpha Howlett, Mason (of Boston), Ida Menefee; and Dr. Small, Mr. and Mrs. Blaisdell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Langtry, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Woodburn, Mr. and Mrs. J. Koster, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Ross, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Willard, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lyons, Judge and Mrs. Haynes, Mr. and Mrs. Prussia, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Perry, Mrs. Hamblin, Mrs. Mamie Perry-Davis, Mrs. S. J. Hammond, Mrs. J. M. Martin, Mrs. H. Fisher and Mrs. Jewel; and the gentlemen were: Messrs. D. R. Collins, George L. Cochran, F. H. Avery, E. B. Tufts, F. H. Stiffel, J. R. Carter, H. W. Watson, W. Cosby, A. W. Allen, Blake, Prof. Brenner, Sig. Modini, E. S. M. Judson, Charles Bell, L. A. Craig and Mr. Barnes (Pasadena), George Curtis, George Lawrence, C. V. Howard, Frank Houghton, Mr. Bradshaw, Dr. Stevens (Chicago), C. M. Baker, M. Paul Martin, Mr. Michener, Dr. Dorsey, T. J. Fleming, Mr. Phillips, Harry Kane, Gregory Perkins and G. S. Hall.

**PHILADELPHIA-STREET SURPRISE.**

Last Tuesday evening a surprise party was tendered to Messrs. H. Day and E. E. Neff at their residence, No. 224 Philadelphia street, by the young people of Merrill Lodge, I.O.G.T. assisted by a few friends.

A very pleasant evening was spent in music, literary exercises and games. At 11 o'clock the company assembled in the spacious dining-hall, where an oyster supper was partaken of and enjoyed.

Among those present were: Miss Wynn of Oakland, Miss Sullivan of San Rafael, Miss Gallagher, Carr, Hengbaugh, Mr. and Mrs. Martin of Los Angeles, Miss Gaier of Columbus, O. Messrs. Lew Stanton of Boston, Kinsey of Minneapolis, Minn.; Day, Neff, Jackson, Nusem, Scott and Williams all of this city. McGinty was

present, and the guest of Miss House of this city.

**MRS. BARNARD OF VENTURA.**

At the residence of the bride's father, Joseph Tilley, an old resident of this city, at No. 100 Georgia street, the 16th inst., at 8 p.m., Oliver A. Brinson and Miss Annie L. Tilley, both of Los Angeles, were united in marriage.

Rev. Will A. Knighton performed the ceremony. The bride was beautifully attired in white satin, trimmed with lace, and wore pearl ornaments.

A large number of relatives and friends were present, among whom were the following: Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Tilley, Mr. and Mrs. John Whately, Sr.; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Tilley, Mr. and Mrs. John Bicheno, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tilley, Mrs. B. McMurray, Mrs. Charles Keay, Mr. and Mrs. J. Whately, Jr., Misses Coa Good, Clara Bingham, Linnie Wilson, Mabel Keay, Messrs. John Diercking, J. O. Young, J. Young, Harry Whately, from a distance; Mrs. Frank Olmstead, Santa Paula; Mr. and Mrs. N. Erskine and Mr. and Mrs. John Hodgeson, Glendale.

After the ceremony, the guests were invited to a table loaded with delicacies to which ample justice was done.

Following is a partial list of the valuable and useful presents received: A bed-swing set, presented by the bride's father; chinaware set, by Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Tilley; a water set, by Miss Coa Good; a pair of vases, Miss Nellie Tilley; hanging lamp, Mr. and Mrs. Tilley; silver pickle dish, Messrs. Diehl and McFarland; box of cigars, "a friend"; silver spoonholder, Mrs. F. Olmsted; lace apron, Mrs. W. B. Tilley; turkey, Mr. and Mrs. B. McMurray; vase, Messrs. Young; water set, Mr. and Mrs. J. Whately, Jr.; a fine linen tablecloth, Mrs. N. Erskine; tub and glass set, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Tilley; pair of vases, Mrs. J. Hodgeson; a dozen cans of fruit, J. Hodgeson; fruit dish, J. Whately, Sr.; water set, Mrs. J. Whately, Sr.; fruit bowl and cushion, Mrs. L. Wilson; water pitcher, Mrs. C. Keay; lace apron, Mrs. Bicheno; shell box, Miss Clara Bingham.

#### LADIES' NIGHT.

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The floor was then cleared and dancing was kept up until late hour. The following committees had charge of the entertainment:

On Arrangements—J. D. Wiley, R. W. Pridham, J. S. Thayer, S. B. Dewey.

On Reception—A. L. Bath, E. A. Preuss, F. A. Branshaw, C. F. Pierce, Charles R. Artinger, George Pike.

On Exercise—Louis Nordinger, Theodore Bessing, W. H. Hopperstet.

On Sparring—S. B. Dewey, John Hall, W. A. Gooding.

Floor Manager—William M. Caswell; aids, R. C. Heinrich, A. E. Little.

Among those present were the following: Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Macneil, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Caswell, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Vosberg, Mrs. J. E. Plater, Mrs. C. M. Dewey, Miss Zara Dewey, Miss Carrie Waddilove, Misses Kate and Hattie Morford, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wiley, Miss Mollie Bowen, Mrs. Lawrence, C. W. Bell, S. B. Dewey, James Winston, Miss Jennie Winston, John Schumacher, Miss Maud Northam, C. E. Mackay, W. C. Callahan, Miss Jessie Frankenstein, R. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. G. Williamson, C. L. Fisher, Louis Nordinger, W. E. Gooding, Frank Liddell, George Lawrence, John Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. H.

Boyle Heights.

The residence of Mrs. Hollenbeck, a delightful home, with its myriad artistic belongings and articles of vertu, was the scene of a very enjoyable social, presided over by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church.

The ladies presented the Rev. Mr. Cockins with a gold-headed cane, the presentation being made by the Rev. W. S. Young. He remarked that six months was rather a long time to leave a young pastor, time enough to "raise Cain," but instead of his substitute the ladies had raised cane. Mr. Cockins was much surprised, and when he recovered sufficiently he responded with a hearty laugh.

The Ladies' Guild of Ascension Church held the first of a series of meetings last Thursday evening at Mrs. Schenck's, on Euclid street.

The postponed half of the Alhambra Club came off the hotel, as was announced, on Tuesday evening, as was not a very large hall, as had been anticipated by the management, but it

was a most perfect entertainment, as every one of the guests that were present said many times during the evening. As a consequence dancing was possible and pleasurable all the evening.

What was lacking in numbers was made up in enthusiasm, and to the rhythm of most perfect music from Arend's orchestra the mazes of the dance were kept up until a late hour.

The dancing being in the large dining-room, no little trepidation was caused among a few young men, gastronomically inclined, who wondered where the supper was to come in.

Their fears, and possibly their stomachs, were greatly relieved when, during intermission, the folding doors swung open and the handsome tables quietly glided in, completely set and arranged with tempting viands—the work of the hotel chef.

Among those present was a delegation, with ladies, from the Internal Revenue Collector's office in Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Crank, Mr. and Mrs. Story, Alhambra; Mrs. C. T. Fargo, San Gabriel; the Misses Turner, Werner, Tonneson, Wallace, Albertson, Alhambra; Herman Baer, Amanda Park; Miss Hannan, Savana; Robert Morhead, George Phillips, W. Tonneson, George Wallace, Daniel Mulock, Robert Devereaux and many others from Alhambra.

**NOTES AND PERSONALS.**

The Oxyhem Club will hold its regular semi-monthly meeting at the home of Miss Lockhart, No. 40 Ottawa street, tomorrow evening. Subject: "Russian Literature." The club has done some fine work recently, and the coming meeting promises to be one of much interest. Miss Lockhart will serve Russian tea to the members and invited guests.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sutch entered a number of their friends at their residence, No. 309 Temple street, Monday evening, at an informal social, at which several hours were pleasantly spent in recitations, music, etc. Among those present were Misses Cora Dickerson, Lizzie Johnston, Leonora Collins, Mattie Downey, Alma Lawrence, Cora Wise, Corinne Wise, Ruby Laurence, Laura Chauvin, Mmes. Chauvin, Gilpin, Lawrence and Willy, and Messrs. Thomas Barnes, George Lawrence, William Gordon and Fuller.

Octavius Newcomb, of the firm of Newcomb & Co., at Toronto, Canada, visited our city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Caulkins, old and respected citizens from Grand Rapids, Mich., are visiting their townspersons, and Mrs. Miss Harvey, who are at present located here. Mr. and Mrs. Caulkins expect to make their future home in Southern California.

The Messrs. Will and Harry Veasey left yesterday for an extended trip to Japan. They will not return until next June.

Edwin F. Gillette, the advance agent of the renowned Patti, is at the Nadeau, and is very favorably impressed with the southern part of the state. Mr. Gillette has perfected full arrangements for the appearance of one of the finest opera companies that has yet appeared here.

Miss Florence Patti, one of Los Angeles' prominent vocalists and a favorite in social spheres, is spending a few months studying in San Francisco.

The Native Daughters of this city will give one of their popular dances on the evening of the 22d of January at Pinney's Hall.

A grand concert has been arranged by Prof. Hall of Vernon, to take place at the Methodist Church on the 31st inst. Leading talent of this city will assist.

Miss Lewis of Santa Monica was recently the guest of Miss House of this city.

Mrs. Barnard of Ventura, who was the guest of Mrs. Stanley, on Buena Vista street, returned home last week.

The Native Sons of Calabria, Chapter of Ventura will give a grand masquerade on the 23d of February. A gala time is expected.

J. M. Harkleroad, a prominent resident of Portland, Ore., has visited Southern California recently and returns today.

There will be an elocutionary and musical entertainment at Morris' Hall Monday evening, given by Mrs. J. S. Hauser, assisted by Pearle Gleason, Ethel and Evie Baldwin. The musical part of the programme will be under the direction of Mrs. Browning Weeks and Mrs. Dyer.

Miss Regina Rohrer of Colton is a guest of Miss Nettie Harwood, at her residence on San Julian street.

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Kyle and daughter, Mrs. G. S. Bacon of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. M. Kyle of Altadena, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Kyle, on Center street, Pasadena.

C. R. Robinson, manager of the Cable Company, will give the officials of the road and the city officers a banquet in Malibu Dore tomorrow evening.

The Rosedale Social Club gave its fifth grand novelty and masquerade ball at its hall, 512 South Spring street, last night. There was a good attendance, and some very pretty costumes were displayed.

The Maids of Arcadia will entertain their friends at Kramer's Hall, corner of Third and Main streets, on the evening of the 22d. The grand march will take place at 8:30 o'clock.

The Channing Club held a business meeting Monday afternoon and elected the following officers: Mrs. C. M. Severance, president; Mrs. Dr. Fay, Mrs. Barnard and Mrs. Fish, vice-presidents; Miss Belle Smith, recording secretary; Mrs. Huber, treasurer; Miss Emma Marshall, treasurer.

The Spanish class held an enthusiastic meeting at Miss May Newell's, corner of Hill and Second streets, last evening.

The next monthly reception of the Outing Club will be given by Miss Elizabeth Rawlings at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, corner of Brooklyn and Figueroa streets, Tuesday evening.

Ed Forrester led the Occident Chautauqua Circle at his residence Monday evening, Prof. Storrs being sick.

**THE O. O. WHIST CLUB.**

The regular weekly meeting of the O. O. Whist Club was held Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Innes, at No. 31 Carroll avenue, Angelino Heights.

C. H. Wedgewood received the members and conducted the games of drive whist.

Mrs. C. A. Stinson carried off the honors for the ladies and F. N. Myers for the gentlemen. Miss E. B. Galbreth will receive next Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Pinney.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Davison, Mr. and Mrs. D. Innes, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McMurtry, silver pickle dish, Messrs. Diehl and McFarland; box of cigars, "a friend"; silver spoonholder, Mrs. F. Olmsted; lace apron, Mrs. W. B. Tilley, turkey, Mr. and Mrs. B. McMurray; vase, Messrs. Young; water set, Mr. and Mrs. J. Whately, Jr.; a fine linen tablecloth, Mrs. N. Erskine; tub and glass set, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Tilley; pair of vases, Mrs. J. Hodgeson; a dozen cans of fruit, J. Hodgeson; fruit dish, J. Whately, Sr.; water set, Mrs. J. Whately, Sr.; fruit bowl and cushion, Mrs. L. Wilson; water pitcher, Mrs. C. Keay; lace apron, Mrs. Bicheno; shell box, Miss Clara Bingham.

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